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**JADAVPUR
JOURNAL
OF
COMPARATIVE
LITERATURE**

VOLUME EIGHT

1968

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EDITOR

NARESH GUHA

THIS VOLUME EDITED BY

AMITYA DEV

**DEPARTMENT OF
COMPARATIVE LITERATURE
JADAVPUR UNIVERSITY**

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Jadavpur Journal of Comparative Literature*, Jadavpur University, Calcutta 32.

Cover designed by Purnendu Patri

Published by P. C. V. Mallik, Registrar, Jadavpur University
P.O. Jadavpur University, Calcutta 32
and printed by him at Indian Photo Engraving Co. Private Ltd.
28 Beniatola Lane, Calcutta 9

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Author of several volumes, C. D. NARASIMHAIAH is the Chairman of the Department of Post-Graduate Studies and Research in English, University of Mysore, and edits the scholarly journal *The Literary Criterion*. The present paper was read at a three-day seminar at Jadavpur in 1965 to commemorate Yeats's birth centenary. ROBERT ANTOINE, S. J., who has contributed to *JJCL* before, teaches Comparative Literature at Jadavpur and is the director of a team of translators making a new Bengali version of the Bible. He is also collaborating on a translation of *The Aeneid* into Bengali. AMIYA DEV too teaches Comparative Literature at Jadavpur and has contributed to *JJCL* before. NABANEETA SEN, Senior Research Fellow at the University of Delhi, was one of the first batch of students of Comparative Literature at Jadavpur and did her PhD at Indiana University (USA) where she wrote her thesis on "The Reception of Rabindranath Tagore in England, France, Germany, and the United States." Mrs Sen is now working on a stylistic analysis of the *Vālmiki-Rāmāyana* as an oral epic, of which the present paper is a part. AMALENDU BOSE is Sir Gurudas Bannerjee Professor and Chairman of English at the University of Calcutta, and is author of many scholarly and critical studies in English as well as Bengali. Currently he is writing, among other things, a book on Shakespearean comedy. The paper here was read at the Yeats seminar at Jadavpur. PULINBIHARI SEN has edited a large number of works by Tagore and is his official bibliographer. He was also the editor of *Visvabharati Patrika* for several years. SOBHANLAL GANGULI is the curator of Rabindra-Sadan at Visva-Bharati. DAVID McCUTCHION, of the Department of Comparative Literature at Jadavpur, contributes regularly to *JJCL*. His work on the terracotta temples of Bengal, which he has been doing for some years now, is near completion.

W. B. YEATS : POETRY AS AN ACT OF GENEROSITY

Comparing Dante and Shakespeare Mr. T. S. Eliot wrote to the effect that it is an obvious advantage for a poet to have a definite view of the world. Call it by any other name : 'a coherent view of the universe' or 'a common philosophy of life', the important thing for Mr. Eliot is that the poet should share it with his readers. Dante, he says, had such a view while Shakespeare had not. Mr. Eliot himself operated within the framework of traditional Christianity. In his essay on the later poetry of W. B. Yeats that very distinguished American critic Mr. R. P. Blackmur—I quote Blackmur merely to provide a starting point for my discussion and he is as good a starting point as any of the numerous critics who have written on Yeats with distinction—said that 'magic performs for Yeats the same fructifying function that Christianity does for Eliot or that ironic fatalism did for Thomas Hardy'. Such an approach to Yeats, Mr. Blackmur thinks, provides 'an adequate mechanics of meaning and value'. But the critic modifies his stand considerably when he posits : 'If it happens that we discard more of Hardy than we do of Yeats and more of Yeats than we do of Eliot it is not because Christianity provides better machinery for the movement of poetry than fatalism or magic, but simply because Eliot is a more cautious craftsman'. What then is the point of considering these poets in the nexus of magic or fatalism or Christianity ? But the fact is, Mr. Blackmur seems to be unsure of the ground on which he stands with regard to Yeats and gives himself to qualifications and reservations in the rest of the essay where he examines Yeats's later poetry largely as the creation of his belief in magic. While magic or occultism or the supernatural does explain a good bit of Yeats's poetry it may not be wise to employ it as the sole or even the main basis of his poetry. One has only to take a hurried look at the Contents page in *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* to prove this critic's approach wrong. For Irish mythology

offers perhaps a broader base on which more of Yeats's significant poetry can stand than magic, though love is a close rival, even a winning suitor.

Critics have studied Yeats's poetry around some of his major pre-occupations— mythology, magic, national politics, old age, and love — and it is obvious they are found to be largely at least mutually exclusive areas, though each has its value and has undoubtedly helped in the finer valuation of this great poet. After all, the greater a poet the more directions the study of his poetry takes and each direction is apt to illuminate the entire body of his poetry and make it a rich, complex whole, but no one approach is likely to exhaust the study of such a complex organism. Indeed it is to do the poet wrong to read him on any single plane. It is against such readers that Yeats expressed his resentment : 'Violent men each, master of some generalization'.

It is as it were in brazen defiance of such strictures that I wish to submit that his poetry can be studied from yet another and hitherto relatively unexplored standpoint, a standpoint which in my view is likely to be more inclusive and perhaps yield better results, that is, to controlling hands— in any case, better in the sense of being more immediately relevant to our brutal times and in a more particular but implicit way to our own country. I refer to the quality of generosity which is abundantly, pervasively present in his life as in his poetry. The context of Yeats's life was such in personal, national as well as professional matters that without this mastering virtue of generosity so much of his life and poetry might have been poisoned and the texture of both considerably affected. It will be my endeavour in this paper to demonstrate it as best I may, not by way of 'generalization' but by means of elucidation of a few representative poems dealing with love, national politics, theatre business, and old age.

Now generosity is a positive virtue and the positive necessarily assumes the presence of a negative— and the negative in this case goes on varying from point to point, such is the potency of the negative, though it fortunately constitutes for Yeats a continuous source of stimulus to creative activity. At one time it is a 'perverse creature of chance', at another the seeming needs of his 'fool-driven land'. Add to these 'the theatre business' and (in the latter half of his life) 'testy delirium', 'slow decay of blood' and 'what worse evil come'. If in the face of these, any one virtue in the poet could animate, sustain, and keep him from disintegrating and giving in to 'dissipation and despair' as happens to common

natures it is, I should say, Yeats's generosity. That should be evident from the goals he set himself as man and as poet, namely 'unity of being' and 'unity of culture'. A fairly widely shared Christian culture might have made Dante's task easy and his work meaningful even as a humanistic approach to life, however amorphous it may seem, must have made Shakespeare's work meaningful, though obviously Shakespeare had to contend against greater odds than Dante. Milton operated from a self-righteous and consequently stultifying puritanic tradition which limits in an unfortunate way the value of his poetry and generally simplifies our response to it. No wonder Yeats was attracted among English poets to Spenser (whose *Faerie Queene* is claimed by the Irish to have been written under the inspiration of Irish landscape), Shakespeare, Blake, and sometimes even to Morris. And in his own country he had felt the impact of 'Druid Kindness' even before the English poets came to him, and those uniquely rich racial memories which nurtured the Celtic tradition—the folk element, he thinks, is 'the loftiest to come down to us within the ring of Ireland'—and the sophisticated literary inheritance from 18th century Ireland—of Goldsmith, Burke, Berkeley, Swift and Grattan. Love and politics and of course his own genius did the rest. But the thing to note is that by training, temperament, and racial and national inheritance he was cast in the heroic mould, and a hero's reigning virtue—the virtue which makes a hero grand and noble apart from courage and endurance and such other common attributes—is generosity in defeat, high-mindedness in disappointment. As I said earlier, Yeats's life was bedevilled with disappointment in love, frustrations in theatre business and the pettiness and meanness of small men in public life. It is against this background that one views Mr. Blackmur's remark: 'The price is the price of a fundamental and deliberate surrender to magic as the ultimate mode for the apprehension of reality', as Baudelaire's vision of evil was to him the central mode of perception of reality. Magic was no doubt an important 'tool of imagination' for Yeats, a tool which opened up for him certain areas of experience which belong to the irrational self of man, but the thing that humanised and validated those perceptions for a workaday world was not magic; it was, to say it again, generosity:

You that would judge me, do not judge alone
 This book or that, come to this hallowed place
 Where my friends' portraits hang and look thereon; ...
 Think where man's glory most begins and ends,
 And say my glory was I had such friends.

Mr. Blackmur also speaks of three sources and three aims of the great poets of the past—the emotion of religion, the emotion of race and the emotion of thought. Yeats who was deprived of the religion of his forefathers by Tyndall and Huxley had perforce to rely upon the other two that is, if these are the only three sources of great poetry. And yet it is attempted to explain the emotions of race and thought by magic and the failure so far is attributed to the foreignness of magic to the Western mode of thinking. Unfortunately not even Mr. Blackmur with all his critical acumen and access to the resources of the English language has been able to bring out the operative part of magic in Yeats's poetry to the extent one expects of a critic of his distinction. I should like to think the failure is largely accounted for by the inadequacy of the magic wand as a tool with which to analyse poetry. The mind that is stirring behind the poems of love, politics, mythology, heroism is born not of magic but of a rare high-mindedness or generosity. As Miss A. G. Stock says in passing, 'In such personal particularised generosity of feeling no modern poet stands anywhere near Yeats'. For generosity and its negative attributes do not contradict, but make for development: 'the contraries make for progress'; they prolong the poetic act by churning the inside at a mature level, for so few even among the great are prone to be so easily generous and in any case easy generosity is a peril to poetry because of the inevitable sentimentality that accompanies it. And since it is acquired with great labour it can sustain the creative tensions as hardly any other things can in Yeats.

It is for this reason that I intend to speak of his poetry as an *act* of generosity—that is to say, the most adequate imaginative equivalent in words of generous actions in life. And to Yeats both

... life and letters seem
But an heroic dream.

But often the intellect presses upon him a choice between 'perfection of the life' and perfection 'of the work' and if he chooses the second what he misses is the 'heavenly mansion'. It is probably with such thoughts in mind that he refused 'to surrender to literature'. He writes: neither Christ nor Buddha nor Socrates wrote a book. And yet only he knew that while life confesses to the priest and honours him the poet confesses to life—that he is young, rich, beautiful, loving and until the poet did so life itself knew so little. It is in this sense that poetry for him was *truly* action, for did he not claim that

... those that love the world serve it in action ...
And should they paint or write, still it is action :
The struggle of the fly in the marmalade.

And did he not quote Goethe with approval : 'We never know ourselves by thought, but by action only', and to a writer creation is action'—the poem 'an act of the mind', an alternative mode of life 'deliberately willed and constructed'.

Yeats describes the pangs of poetry-making in various ways as 'this craft of verse', 'this intolerable toil', 'accustomed toil', and 'this sedentary trade'.

A line will take hours maybe
But it must seem a moment's thought

despite all its 'stitching and unstitching'. He would therefore rather scrub a kitchen pavement and break stones like an old pauper.

For to articulate sweet sounds
Is to work harder than all these.

Harder, because as Dr. F. R. Leavis observes 'to nurse a luxury of defeat was not in Mr. Yeats's character ; he was too strong and alive'. Dr. Leavis continues, 'He exhibits for us the inner struggle of the 19th century mind in an heroic form— heroic, and because of the inevitable frustration and waste, tragic.' It was necessary for him to submit his quarrels with others to his inner self and there in the smithy of his soul forge the conscience of the race in poetry of love that has never been surpassed either before or after. 'Greek antiquity', says Yeats, 'has bid us look' for the principal stars that govern enemy and sweetheart alike. 'The swordsman throughout repudiates the saint but not without vacillation'. Vacillation, ambivalence, duality, contraries— all have helped to deepen the poetic tension. In so early a poem as 'Fergus and the Druid' Fergus attains the Druid's vision but regrets :

But now I have grown nothing, knowing all.

That is why Yeats tested all thought in the heat of action, in the glow of vision.

That is what one sees him do in a poem like 'No Second Troy'

which begins with a note of exoneration of his beloved and reproof of himself:

Why should I blame her that she filled my days
With misery ...

There is generous pleading of her case, better than she could have done it herself. After all she has 'beauty... that is not natural in an age like this'. It is not merely the uncommonness of beauty in a common age like ours that places her on a higher footing, but she cannot help either her nature or her peculiar position :

Being high and solitary and most stern
Why, what could she have done, being what she is ?

The blame is thus not on her but on those that lacked heroism— on himself, on Maud Gonne's husband, indeed, on all unchivalrous masculinity when he clinches the issue in that last line which brackets her with Helen

Was there another Troy for her to burn ?

thus bridging the legendary past with the petty present and investing it with a glow and a glory which belonged to that past.

There is the same extension of sympathy for those who were infatuated with Helen in that imaginative stand he takes, in retrospect :

... had we walked within
Those topless towers
Where Helen walked with her boy.

Quite explicitly, he puts it down that we too would have done 'like the rest'. Helen might have lived only in Homer's imagination and her kind, so familiar to the poet, might have betrayed all living hearts but there is no animus against her. On the contrary she comes back to the dark and dreary world like a flash of lightning in the vivid familiarity of 'walked with her boy'. Far from crying curses on her or on those that brought war and suffering there is sure sympathy for the luckless ones as there is envy for the 'boy' who walked with Helen. Small wonder that Yeats was attracted to 'Homer and his unchristened heart'. Indeed what Homer was

to Greece, Yeats is to Ireland ; and he is not 'undone by Homer's paragon' who 'never gave a thought to burning Troy'. To go to Emain of which Yeats sang is like going round the mounds of Troy. And one lock of Deirdre's hair was thought sufficient illumination to light the men of Ireland while they threshed their corn in the darkness of night ! Deirdre is what Helen was not -- she is a caretaker of the past.

And today there is a peasant beauty, the living counterpart of Helen. Crowds gathered once if she but showed her face ! And even old men's eyes grew dim ! But that was once upon a time. And now she is a 'fallen majesty'. Like the crowds and like the young men that once gathered to toast her a score of times, poets have sung of woman's charms for love or fame. But here is a poet who is 'babbling' of 'fallen majesty', 'records what's gone'. For he alone remembers what the crowd does not -- that in the street where walks the crowd, 'a thing once walked that seemed a burning cloud'.

The cloud has played, or the poet has made the cloud play, all kinds of tricks ; assume all manner of shape and size ; carry messages to forlorn lovers, even bring a faint hope to the blighted land by gathering far over distant Himavant, but when did a cloud 'burn' ? or a lovely woman seem a 'burning cloud' ? and when above all did a great poet, one, too, who put his faith in the aristocracy, show a readiness to play the humble role of an anonymous courtier at 'a gypsy camping-place / Babbling of fallen majesty' ?

All this is in the heroic mould and in the heroic mould too is the other poem 'Her Praise' on the same theme, where Yeats shows one of the subtlest psychological insights in the long history of love poetry.

She is the foremost of those that I would hear praised.

Not see her but just hear her praised ! And that is not all :

I have gone about the house, gone up and down

like 'a young girl dressed out in her new gown'—no truer, because disinterested, tribute can be paid to the woman, and to one who is by all accounts not there before his eyes now, at any rate not in her glory. As in the previous poem here too she is a fallen majesty. And yet such is his devotion to her memory that he has 'turned the talk by hook or crook' to come to his favourite theme, but with no success. And in passing he

makes his graceful bow to the man who muttered 'confusedly in a half dream as though some other name ran through his head'. What if it is some other name, his case is just the same and so there is sympathy and fellow-feeling all right. And now he must go on his beggarly adventure. Indeed it is to a beggar he goes and vows to 'talk no more of books or the long war'. There are pedants and orators to do these things. 'He therefore stops when he sights 'some beggar sheltering from the wind' and there he will 'manage the talk until her name come round'. One praises the poet as much for making her name 'come round' as for that admirable choice in the context of a fairly colloquial expression like 'manage' to intimate his boyish triumph, his successful cunning over an innocent. As if to mitigate the effect of the cheap boast follow the lines :

If there be rags enough he will know her name
And be well pleased remembering it, for in the old days
Though she had young men's praise and old men's blame,
Among the poor both old and young gave her praise.

And in these words his high-mindedness towards forgotten beauty is as striking as his unselfconscious kinship with the beggar-in-rags is touching. And yet Yeats was branded a fascist by the ignorant.

No fascist, but a hero, an aristocrat who cares for 'custom and ceremony' and those vanished graces of a bygone world, it is such a one that speaks of approaching his love with 'reverent hands', or works 'at his rhymes day out and day in' and thinks of the stars in the sky as though they are there 'to light your passing feet'. He will not bear the great and the proud to speak ill of his beloved. Such is his fierce and unflinching loyalty and admiration for her that he can project himself like a prophet into a distant future :

Their children's children say they have lied.

In the following extract from a charming little lyric we find the magnificent chivalry of a medieval knight, the high romance of a troubadour, and the recklessness of an artist, one of those three kinds of people of Yeats's naming who have created all beautiful things :

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths ...
I would spread the cloth under your feet ...
But I being poor, have only my dreams
I have spread my dreams under your feet
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

To me no other poet in the East or the West wrote such gracious love poetry — not Donne, not even Shakespeare and Keats and certainly no one after. Perhaps Kalidāsa, even he, is a close approximation, never his equal. Here love has gaiety and ecstasy without vulgarity and cheap excitement ; it is youthful without being empty-headed. There is graciousness, dignity, wisdom, all born of a very rare generosity of the soul. Only one like Yeats can muster the necessary strength and depth to combat the calf-love kind of romanticism, and know 'the folly of being comforted'. Only such a one can, as though to make for sanity and strength and health, burn in anger at Maud Gonne, for whom he has lost his heart :

As if she had not taught the hate
By kisses to a clown.

And when imagination dwells on this 'woman lost' 'the sun's under eclipse and the day blotted out'. But even here the blame is on him, the responsibility his :

Admit you turned aside
From a great labyrinth out of pride,
Cowardice, some silly over-subtle thought
Or anything called conscience once.

It is good to remember this in retrospect, for there had been moments when indignation welled up from his being, and he asked :

And what of her that took
All till my youth was gone
With scarce a pitying look ?
How could I praise that one ?

But even for her there is generosity :

While up from my heart's root
So great a sweetness flows
I shake from head to foot.

It is clear from the 'shake' in the last line that the generosity moves from a diligently cultivated and civilized act into an involuntary, passionate forgiveness. There is no touch of softness or sentimental effeminacy

about it, being born of a mature recognition of the ways of love, as in the Crazy Jane poems :

For nothing can be sole or whole
That has not been rent.

But it is Yeats's distinction that his poetry portrays from the depths of his agonised being not only the pangs of woebegone love but also the glory of generous love. It is not relevant to the poetry but it must be said the world gained what Maud Gonne lost, though it was heartless of her to have said the world should thank her for not marrying 'Willie'. As readers we find that Yeats's poetry, especially love poetry, engages us, involves us so much more readily and naturally than Eliot's, for he is so near our own erring common nature and so appeals to our common humanity and interest in life— in this beautiful earth, in friends, lovers, children, country, cause— more intensely than Eliot. He is at times a kind of Lawrence in poetry, the Lawrence who had said : It's the way our sympathy flows and recoils that determines the quality of our lives.

Like love, politics also formed the stuff of Yeats's poetry in a fairly important way, while the Symbolist poets of France had thought that it was an impossible subject for poetry. Those poems dealing with nationalist politics, are in the words of Professor C. M. Bowra 'afame with passion', for it was not just a passing quarrel to Yeats, but 'the whole spiritual life of a nation' at stake. While he was naturally interested in Irish freedom, that was not the particular point of issue for him, but 'the low motives displayed and the high courage which fought against them'.

There was no doubt something very unfortunate with Irish history, as with our own— making that 'emerald isle' a 'black country' as though it were born with 'a double dose of Original Sin'. It was usual for Irish historians to say that the conquest of Ireland had begun in the 12th century and been going on ever since. It is interesting that the reigns of the Great Queens were also the Golden Age of Shakespeare, the Silver Age of the Augustans, and the age of Victorian eminence for the English, while for Ireland those were correspondingly the times of devastating wars, of Penal Laws, and of the Great Famine. One reads so many stories of seduction, repression and extermination throughout the period of British rule over Ireland that according to some historians the very survival of the Irish seems a mystery. England had 'natives' next door before she acquired 'natives' in different parts of Asia and Africa. It is

usual for the Irish to remark that Cromwell's campaign lasted three months and its effects, three centuries. I have briefly hinted at the Irish national background as it helps to explain Irish bitterness and Irish hatred towards the British, though nothing really can explain it for 'the wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told'. Yeats himself shared that sense of wrong and bitterness with the rest of his countrymen. But he knew hatred could not be the basis of imagination and he wrote in his Diary : 'It is a hard law that compels us to cast away our swords when we enter the house of the Muses'. Here is indication enough of the agitation experienced in his mind and heart because of national politics.

But as students of Yeats's poetry we are naturally interested in the manner in which all that agitation between his 'half proud and half humble' state manifested itself in the poetry. 'Easter 1916' is probably one of his best 'political' poems. Yeats knew the rebels, some of whom were his close friends while others included those whom he detested. Both are swept away in the wild flood. There is therefore a kind thought for everyone — big or small :

This man had kept a school
And rode our winged horse ;

The other, his 'helper and friend' was coming into his own :

He might have won fame in the end,
So sensitive his nature seemed
So daring and sweet his thought.

And now someone he disliked, said to be Macbride, Maud Gonne's husband :

A drunken, vainglorious lout.
He had done most bitter wrong
To some who are near my heart,
Yet I number him in the song.
He, too, has resigned his part
In the casual comedy ;

This is not the recording of a poet laureate called upon to write elegies to the war dead. Actually when he was asked to write a war poem he responded by a simple rebuff :

I think it better that in times like these
 A poet's mouth be silent, for in truth
 We have no gift to set a statesman right ...

But the Easter rising was a terrible thing and he could not stand aloof. While he remembers individuals with their virtues and vices, the prevalent mood is one of poignancy at the national level and generosity at the personal level. His is a noble detachment able to celebrate a man who did most bitter wrong to one near his heart but the manner of whose death evokes in him a characteristic magnanimity. And as the poem progresses from the particular to the general, the individual grievances sink, the pure essence becomes a forceful presence. But to what effect ?

Hearts with one purpose alone
 Through summer and winter seem
 Enchanted to a stone
 To trouble the living stream.

It is this that engages the poet's attention now : that the heart of man should be changed as by the power of magic to a stone— this is something very dreadful and tragic. For the stone, he thinks, troubles the living stream, as though he is reciprocating the words of his mentor O'Leary who had said 'Life is greater than a cause'. And as though forgetting completely the original impulse which had given birth to the poem— for other living things have engaged his attention on the way : the horse, the rider, the birds, the hens that call to the cocks, even the tumbling clouds, all of which live from minute to minute— he becomes tormented by the stone in the midst of living, kicking, pulsating life. What then is this stone ?

Too long a sacrifice
 Can make a stone of the heart.

But Yeats is too great a poet and too full of the affirmation of life to abandon us to the stone that troubles the living stream. And to the question

O when may it suffice ?

the poet's answer is one of great humility in the presence of baffling mysteries :

That is Heaven's part, our part
 To murmur name upon name,
 As a mother names her child
 When sleep at last has come
 On limbs that had run wild.

It is a sure sign of genius in this poet that starting from 'polite meaningless words' in the beginning of the poem he can range through diverse characters from the 'ignorant good will' of a young and beautiful woman, the man who kept a school, his friend whose life of promise was cut short, to a drunken lout who did his dear one grievous wrong ; and from men and women to beast and bird and tumbling cloud, in the midst of all of which is the stone which troubles the living stream ; and then from the speculative thought of 'sacrifice' back to where he started : 'polite meaningless words'— which a lullaby is at a mere factual level, but far from being merely 'meaningless', the names (I say this at the risk of sounding far-fetched, but not so far-fetched if the situation is viewed symbolically) are in the nature of incantations hymned by the Virgin in praise of the Child. And to sustain the symbol, the sleep of the Child at nightfall may look like death, but it is a death which makes life meaningful. And on the level of mere statement :

For England may keep faith
 For all that is done and said.

A meaningless politeness thus becomes faith, and hate is transmuted into love when death is transformed into life as in the following line in which the poem culminates :

A terrible beauty is born

which is also the refrain that seems intended to reinforce 'faith'.

I shall be merely content with this elucidation and make no comment on the poem which can be studied as an act of generosity on the level of plain statement and as an act of faith on a different plane— not a forced interpretation in respect of the author of that tender term 'ceremony of innocence'. A word must however be said on the heroic tone in which the names of Irish patriots are mentioned towards the end of the poem if only to distinguish Yeats's generosity from mere pity and compassion which war poetry of the twenties generally evoked. The

poetry was in the pity and like the virtue it celebrated the poetry also takes a minor and lower place than the poetry of generosity of the kind that great poets from Shakespeare to Yeats have written. The generosity Yeats wants his countrymen to show to Swift and Parnell is just that which Shakespeare shows to his tragic heroes. He wanted great art to do it because it was his conviction that the arts have 'created a superhuman life, have taught more men to die than oratory or the Prayer Book'. But today

Romantic Ireland's dead and gone
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yeats wrote in his Diary : 'One cannot love a nation struggling to realise itself without an idea of that nation as a whole being present in our mind'. To Yeats that idea was embodied in the arts. And he thought that the character of a nation best expressed itself in art from antiquity to this day. That is why he agreed with Blake to whom all art was a 'labour to bring again the Golden Age'. That is why while others were busy with the National movement in politics he converted his hatred for England into hatred for a commercial and technological way of life and tried to give dignity to Ireland by means of the National Theatre. Today Mr. T. S. Eliot might pay the handsome compliment that Yeats made poetic drama possible again in the 20th century. But 'the theatre business' nearly broke him. It is not my purpose to speak about the plays but to make a passing mention of Yeats's reaction as embodied in his poetry to the nationalist attacks on the Abbey Theatre. It finds expression in just a few rather unimportant poems though his prose is full of such references.

He could write in sheer disgust and irritation :

My curse on plays
That have to be set up in fifty ways ...

But the difficulty continues to exercise a fascination for him though it has 'dried the sap out of my veins'. How he is worked up in contempt for those who hated *The Playboy*, calls them knave, dolt, eunuch. And this great lover tells himself :

It's for a woman's sake and not for their sake
It's a secret between the two— the proud and the proud ...

He who is born with the artist's arrogance is naturally troubled by the impact of the attacks on a fellow artist—Lady Gregory. But he asks her to

take defeat
For how can you compete
Being honour bred.

And there is always 'Remorse for intemperate speech'. The remorse expresses itself as a kind of self-reproach in the Diary when he says that while he 'fought' against the crowds that attacked the play, his father 'forgot'. Indifference of his father's kind now turns into forgiveness and unusual daring in reacting to shoddy imitators of his poetry : The fools, he says disdainfully, caught his coat of embroideries of old mythologies and wore it as though they had wrought it. Now indignation slowly gives room to an ungrudging tolerant nature

Song, let them take it.

From tolerance to the recklessness of a hero it is a quick pass :

For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

For Yeats both poetry and the theatre movement were as much concrete acts of love and sacrifice for the country as a means of self-fulfilment.

Character isolated by a deed
To engross the present and dominate the memory.

Yeats's adherence in matters of art and traditional values was often looked upon as an 'affront to the rising lower classes', the 'mindless mob', and he was called a fascist, he whose guiding motive in matters of art was to think like the wise but express himself like the common people. He wrote in 1936 : 'Do not try to make a politician of me. As my sense of reality deepens, and I think it does with age, my horror at the cruelty of governments grows greater...'. Yeats had no preference for any form of government. But his concern for the country and the young had always been most self-less and touching. Indeed, if he had been preoccupied with old age to the extent of obsession it was because of a growing

impatience with something that interfered with his work. For his Muse was young even when his limbs were old. And it is Yeats's triumph that he made his old age serve the creative activity by letting it deepen the tension within him. He now refused to 'grow out of fashion like an old song' (his later poetry is abundant proof of his poetic vigour and vitality), while earlier thoughts of oncoming age made only for minor poetry.

Consider that poem 'Men Improve with the Years' which came in for particular censure at the hands of Middleton Murry who accused Yeats of failing to master his dreams, indeed of falling a prey to the phantasmagoria of the dream world.

The first thing that strikes the reader is its maturity, at any rate, in comparison with, say, Browning's poetry of old age. 'Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be', far from intimating thoughts of robust optimism betrays a self-sufficiency which by its very muscularity degenerates into mere complacency. And the reader keeps wishing: oh, had he been a little less robust! But here in Yeats the verse impresses one with its extraordinary self-awareness, poignancy, and even a poise that comes of suffering—heroic suffering, that is:

I am worn out with dreams ...

He blames no one, not even those that caused his dreams—not women, not the theatre, not his country and the cause. That is precisely the secret of his dignity, though he might think of it as a fallen majesty:

A weather-worn marble triton
Among the streams.

But in the acute realization of the present predicament caused by dreams there is a sweetness, a charity and above all a recognition of the better side of life, of the good things which make the sacrifice so worthwhile:

And all day long I look
Upon this lady's beauty
As though I had found in a book
A pictured beauty ...

He has gathered so much joy and pleasure for the eye and the ear that he is

Delighted to be but wise
For men improve with the years ;

though one is not sure whether the refrain 'Men improve with the years' has not a touch of irony about it. One suspects irony because of Yeats's constant habit of introspection which must have made the world's equation of age with improvement a source of amusement and only helped to make him more keenly aware of his failure. For he seems to give it out in the next two lines :

And yet, and yet,
Is this my dream, or the truth ?

For the question whether wisdom that accompanies dull decrepitude is a worthy substitute, after all, for the loss of vital life does trouble him though that is obviously a fleeting thought and arises purely in an attitude of generosity to himself

O would that we had met
When I had my burning youth !

But the questioning cannot persist, for he must come to terms with life—and with the poem, which must have an end ! And so there is acquiescence, and he knows it, as is evident in the fully charged 'But' in the lines beginning :

But I grow old among dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.

And the poem, both because of the 'marble triton' which is the conventional valuation of old age by the world and because of the poet's sad realisation of the waste, a realisation which is in defiance of such a valuation—thus gives the lie to Mr. Murry's accusation. The point to make is that acceptance of the facts of life as they come, in the context of a rare awareness which would drive a smaller man crazy, is in Yeats a unique gesture of generosity towards life itself. Such a gesture is a robust poet's equivalent of a saint's realisation of the need for just 'root-room' for 'comfort'. For Hopkins's 'My own heart, let me more have pity on' is a saintly poet's conscious assertion of life which, because

of a mature recognition of the tragic sense of life, ends with a contentment which nevertheless does not deny life all comfort, but only asks for just so much comfort as it needs.

Yeats, it is good to remind ourselves, suffered from no disillusionment and bitterness in love — he was obviously too mature to let the normal, inevitable frustrations of life break him. He knew 'what wages beauty gives' and so must have prepared himself gradually for the 'rewards of living and loving' here and here-after. It is no poetic fancy but, since it is Yeats that is concerned here, a sign of supreme spiritual faith when he declares :

I may dine at journey's end
With Landor and with Donne.

Even in this world Yeats's attitude to youth in poem after poem is one of the greatest acts of generosity in one whose own youth was a kind of spent-savour salt. 'The Tower' is perhaps the finest manifestation of his generosity to the young, some of it at least born of a reaction against his own old age. The poem bursts on us like a flame — in blazing indignation but in complete possession of himself :

What shall I do with this absurdity—
O heart, O troubled heart— this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied to me
As to a dog's tail ?

But for all the decrepitude of the body, the soul is aflame :

Never had I more
Excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination ...

A state which naturally encourages a supremely disdainful demeanour to any advice tendered to an old man to give himself to thoughts of the grave and make peace with his Maker. He laughs derisively : 'It seems that I must bid the Muse go pack'. No, he will do no such thing. He still aspires to 'make men mad' with his song and recalls how that old lecher, Hanrahan, being caught by 'an old man's juggleries', 'stumbled, tumbled, fumbled to and fro'. The old poet's sympathy is obviously on the side of the young victim as the word 'juggleries' makes it abundantly

clear. Yeats's sympathies are invariably with broken men, the 'ancient bankrupt master of this house', the man who 'drowned in a bog's mire', 'the old lecher with a love on every wind' etc., etc. And when he grows aware of his ravings he asks if all old men and women rage like him in public or in secret against old age. He has found the answer, not in Plato but in those eyes that are impatient to be gone. And when the time comes for him to write his will, he will not forget to choose young 'upstanding men/That climb the streams until/The fountain leap'. And then,

I declare
They shall inherit my pride,

—not his own but the pride of his people which he wishes to transmit to the young as if in continuation of the tradition. While he bequeathes his pride to young men he will continue to make up the whole out of his bitter soul until he creates the 'Translunar Paradise', but meanwhile he has his duties by the young. And he uses a most tender image to indicate it when he speaks of himself as 'the mother bird' that 'will rest/On their hollow top,/And so warm her wild nest'. One does not know if generosity, especially when it is so impersonal as in this case, can go farther.

Yeats has almost always shown to a marvellous degree (that is, when the poem is taken as a whole) his Shakespearean capacity for holding the passions down and calling blessings on erring men and women. Possibly this is born of a manifestly spiritual realisation of the place of man in the larger scheme of things—'a little foam upon the deep'. It is important to remember Yeats drew all the stuff of his poetry, as it were from the world's Great Memory (*Spiritus Mundi*) which has an everlasting, and extra-temporal quality about it and as such participates in divine nature. Yeats seemed to say that man is nothing in himself and he must complete himself by merging in the image which he suggests in 'Byzantium' where the supreme state is 'more image than a shade'. This is poetry's revelation to the poet.

It is in the hope of gaining such grace that he is 'sailing to Byzantium'. For he has to 'pacify the inner disturbance', and 'escape from the sensual music'. And once he goes there it looks as if he is only half in love with easeful death for he invokes the sages to send their benediction :

O sages standing in God's holy fire ...
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.

It is to note that the sages are invoked to inspire him to song,
and that he no longer wishes to take bodily form after death. And

set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium ...

One of the last wishes of a dying poet—Yeats wrote that he
wrote Byzantium poems, the first to recover his spirits, and the second
to himself back into life' after an illness and was 'looking for a
poem might befit his years'.

Yes, befit his years for it does not become an old man to be raving
and he must learn to leave the 'bitter furies of complexity' behind,
and the mire of human veins', and be united with images which
images beget'. This is an act of salvation which he owed to himself
which he has worked out with great diligence. It is as though there
was more to write after this supreme act of generosity to himself
to the world. And if Yeats did write poetry after the Byzantium
poem, it is poetry which did not matter in comparison, for he reached
Byzantium the supreme heights to which he could go in poetry.

GREEK TRAGEDY AND SANSKRIT DRAMA

Is human life a deadlock or is it a temporary struggle leading to a transcendent state of peace and harmony? Are the conflicts of human existence deemed to remain without solution or are they part of a beautiful game of light and shadow whose symmetry, like that of a dance, melts into a poised equilibrium which neither turmoil nor anxiety can disturb? Such is the question raised by the comparison between Greek tragedy and Sanskrit drama.

It is important to realise, from the start, that the literary level at which the comparison is established is far above that of the so-called "social play." The latter is concerned with a particular and limited situation and claims to offer a solution, as limited as the problem it claims to tackle. With Greek tragedy and Sanskrit drama, we move into an altogether different sphere: it is the human condition taken globally which is at stake. When Harold Hobson, in his "Introduction" to *New English Dramatists* writes: "It is the business of the drama to ask questions rather than to answer them, to provoke deep and disquieting emotions and thoughts more than to offer slick panaceas," he certainly realises the living presence of Greek tradition in the modern drama of the West. As to Sanskrit drama, if it raises questions and arouses deep emotions and thoughts, it also rises to a plane where disquiet and anxiety are dispelled. The stuff of drama is the same for the simple reason that man's hopes and struggles are common to both the Greek and Indian. The outlook is different and it is the outlook which gives to the drama its specific character.

The Greek Outlook

We must beware of reading Greek tragedy with the eyes and mind of a man of the Renaissance. Whatever Humanism may have read in the

classical antiquity, its approach to Greek tragedy would be for anyone trying to recapture the genuine spirit of fifth century. In fact, Aristotle is a much better guide. Although not a contemporary of the great tragedians, he is a Greek of the fourth century and at his disposal literary material much more complete than is ours. No doubt, like all literary critics, he has his predilections, but he is sufficiently close to the great period of tragedy to sympathise spontaneously with its inspiration—he was born some years after the death of Euripides and sufficiently removed to get at once the achievement of the great masters.

Again, a word of caution is necessary. The Renaissance and subsequent centuries have professed a great veneration for Aristotle. Most often, they have read him more as a technician and a legislator than as an art critic. So far as our present study is concerned, Aristotle does not interest us as the so-called inventor of tragedy. We shall ask him what tragedy is and we shall try to find the answer on the plays themselves.

Tragedy," says Aristotle, "is an imitation not of human beings, but of action and life, of happiness and misery. Happiness and misery are shown in action; the goal of life is an action, not a quality. Men owe their fate to their characters, but it is in their actions that they are shown. And so the stage-figures do not act in order to show their characters; they include their characters for the sake of the action. It is the action which is the end and purpose of tragedy; and it is everywhere the chief thing."²

Human life are woven on a broad canvas. On the human level, by the encounter of many human beings, their family relations, their loves and hates. No individual lives his life alone. He is the weight of heredity and he is implicated in the interplay of human actions.

On the divine level, human life is interfered with, because the gods have their preferences and their antipathies. They are sensitive and to offence, and they are vindictive. Human life is a constant blending of human initiative and responsible determination with the assistance or divine antagonism. Eventually, in his quest for happiness, man will have to discover the 'measure' according to which his activity can be harmonised with the divine influence.

For the most part, the dramatic material is taken from the epic. Tragedy could be defined as an existential reflection on the values

and standards handed down by the epic narratives. Plato, with his strong belief in the existence of the transcendent world of eternal ideas looked down upon our present existence and saw in it nothing but a shadow of reality. Tragedy, being an imitation of action and life, was the shadow of a shadow. That is why he considered tragedy as a danger in the republic governed by philosophers. But the great tragedians were no precursors of Platonism. They had inherited the epic tradition with its strong realism. It was the life after death which was a life of shadows and the reality of existence was definitely this side of death. Death, in fact, was the line of demarcation between dynamic living and sterile memory and regret. When Odysseus visited the realm of the dead, he was thus addressed by Teiresias : "Royal son of Laertes, Odysseus of nimble wits, what has brought you, the man of misfortune, to forsake the sunlight and to visit the dead in this mirthless place ?" Before they can enter into conversation with Odysseus, the shades of the dead have first to drink some of the blood of the animals sacrificed at the entrance of the Land of Shadows. Agamemnon, the king of men, having recognised Odysseus, "uttered a loud cry and burst into tears, stretching his arms out in my direction in his eagerness to reach me. But this he could not do, for all the strength and vigour had gone for ever from those once supple limbs." Achilles, a mighty prince among the dead, hearing Odysseus' praise for his high position, replies bitterly : "My lord Odysseus, spare me your praise of Death. Put me on earth again, and I would rather be a serf in the house of some landless man, with little enough for himself to live on, than king of all these dead men that have done with life," for Hades' realm is the place "where the dead live on without their wits as disembodied ghosts."

Death, therefore, is a blind alley. It holds no promise of fruition. It is before death that the whole game must be played, for death does nothing but fix, in fruitless immobility, the final gesture of mortal existence. Niobe, cruelly punished for her defiance of Leto, stands for ever as a marble statue, "brooding on the desolation that the gods dealt out to her." Thus we get a glimpse into the tragic character of human life. Neither prosperity nor adversity, neither happiness nor misery, can lead man to blissful liberation, because the beyond is joyless and without substance, while earthly existence is precarious and unstable. It is as though life and the hankering for happiness were a useless quest doomed to end in failure.

Yet, the Greek is fond of life. Whatever be the outcome of it, it is

Future. Destiny is not just a necessity which crushes man, challenge. The bleak prospect of what is in store after death attracts, to this earthly life a glamour and a price to which no one of the name can remain indifferent. The very consciousness to contend with the unfathomable designs of the gods adds adventure with a quality of risk which fascinates the mind. All the Greek heroes are possessed by an irresistible lust for power that whatever life can give is to be enjoyed before death.

Think as Reflected in the Great Tragedians

The outline sketched above of the epic and tragic tradition is exploited in the same way by the three great tragedians of 5th Century B.C. Each of them had his own background and his own theme. It is important to perceive how differently the three have approached the problem of human action and life, to help us realise that tragedy, in spite of different treatments, belongs to one fundamental conception of the human condition. Nothing to look forward to beyond death, man clings to life because he feels that life itself, with its fluctuations between happiness and misery, keeps him suspended between fear and hope, without being postponed on a purely secular level, the Greek outlook, with its fatalism and its ultimate futility, has survived. The gods and goddesses have been replaced by blind causes, but the outcome is the same. Thus Bertrand Russell in a well-known passage writes : "The product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were producing ; his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his life, but the outcome of accidental collocation of atoms ; all this, the urges, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday glory of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and the whole temple of Man's achievement must be hauled beneath the debris of a universe in ruins."

The ancient Greek, however, was reluctant to make of man the helpless and innocent toy of blind causality. Deeply ingrained in his mind was the conviction that mankind had gradually fallen away from a state of harmony. There was, in mankind itself, a disease which had to be diagnosed. Tragedy consisted in this : although the disease was incurable, the ill was incurable.

We must now try to understand how the three great tragedians

diagnosed the sickness of mankind and what remedy they proposed, without ever fully believing that man would be wise enough to take the medicine.

1. Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.) was born under Peisistratus the tyrant, who was twice exiled and twice restored. During his childhood, the struggle between the aristocrats and the democrats took place. As a man, he took part in the decisive battle of Marathon (490 B.C.) which averted Persian dominance over Athens. Seven years later, Themistocles defeated the Persian fleet at Salamis. Aeschylus knew the beginning of Pericles' reign and the golden age of Athenian democracy. He wrote more than ninety plays, of which seven survive.

He seems to have had a deep belief in the wisdom of measure and moderation. "To metron to beltiston"—"measure is the best thing." He discerns, both among the gods and among men, a streak of violence and arrogance which make conciliation impossible. There is undoubted greatness in Prometheus' challenge to Zeus and in his unrelenting capacity to suffer. But Prometheus remains a rebel, Zeus a young tyrant, intoxicated by power and intransigent in his reprisals. Above them both rules Necessity whose course no power can stem. There will be no peace between the lover of mankind and the lord of gods until both are willing "to seal a bond of peace and amity."

Darius, with great difficulty, has obtained the favour to come back from the realm of Hades to enquire about the miserable state of his Persian kingdom. His wife, queen Atossa, tells him how their son Xerxes, overrating his power, suffers defeat on the Athenian shore. The dead king's ghost diagnoses the folly of his son :

He dreamed that he could chain, as men chain slaves,
The holy haste of Hellespontine waves ...
A mortal man on all the gods that be
He ventured war ; the lordship of the sea,
Poseidon's realm (he judged so much amiss)
Challenged and thought to quell. And what not this
The very madness of a mind diseased ?

The whole history of Agamemnon's royal house is a history of violence and revenge—Thyestes seducing his brother Atreus' wife, Atreus killing Thyestes' children and feeding their flesh to their unwitting father, Paris eloping with Helen and Agamemnon deciding to avenge his brother

honour, the fateful departure for Troy thwarted by goddess
 and sacrifice of Iphigenia at the hands of her own father, the
 of Clytemnestra and the plotting of Agamemnon's murder on his
 on Troy, the children of the murdered king avenging their father
 their mother and her paramour, and the final flight of Orestes
 by the Furies. It is folly on a gigantic scale. Even after death, the
 vengeance is not assuaged. The ghost of Clytemnestra reappears
 to arouse the Furies. In spite of Apollo's sworn protection, the
 hunt with the blood of a slain mother, hunt the murderer until, at
 reaches the shrine of Pallas Athena. The contest takes place between
 who ordered the murder of Clytemnestra and promised protec-
 Orestes, and the Furies who claim as their right the life of the
 Athena knows that the Furies have to be placated. To antagonise
 by refusing them their prey would be letting loose the devastating
 upon the people. She, therefore, decides to settle the issue by means of a
 The Furies protest: if such expedients are resorted to; murder
 become bold and the fear of immediate justice will be lost. Apollo
 on the side of Orestes. Athena, addressing the jurymen, tells
 that real justice must be above anarchy, arbitrary power and
 emotion. It must not banish fear, "for who is virtuous without fear?"
 It must be compassionate. The jury is equally divided and Athena
 that vote in favour of Orestes. Dishonoured and undone, the Furies
 then to devastate Athens by pouring their venom in all that lives:

A mildew and a leprosy,
 A canker to the leafless tree,
 A curse to the childless bed;
 On everything that has breath,
 Corrosion, purulence and death.

Athena, softly, speaks to them. She tells them that their honour is
 and she offers them a special place in Athens as tutelary divinities.
 shall prosper without their protection. Their thirst for des-
 shall be changed into benevolence. The Furies resist, but Athena
 calm: "I will be patient with your passioning," she says. And
 patience wins the day. The violence of the Furies gradually declines
 they gladly accept Athena's offer. Thus ends the *Oresteia*, perhaps
 greatest tragedy ever written, on a note of joy and serenity:

Never be this thirsty ground	Drunk with fratricidal blood,
Not lost of Power breathe	Snatch at vengeance evermore.

In one fellowship of Good Each be to his neighbour bound,
 One in love and one in hate ; For such grace, where'er 'tis found
 Lays the balm to many a wound.

Such is the message of Aeschylus : a humanisation of life, a soothing down of those elemental forces of violence and arrogance which claim destruction as their right. It is an ideal vision of human society, the dream of a past golden age, a hope that the Furies will be transformed into guardians of prosperity. That this hope remains fully compatible with tragedy is evidenced by mankind's history from Aeschylus' time to this day. And, let us note it, both hope and tragedy find their scope this side of death, without any inkling that the beyond might hold the secret of a transcendent harmony.

2. Sophocles (495-406 B.C.) was a mere boy at the time of the victory of Salamis. His long life enabled him to witness both the glory and the decline of Athens. Although he held important public positions, he seems to have been, before all else, an artist and a philosopher. Like the fluctuating fortune of the city-state of Athens, human existence appeared to him a succession of successes and disasters. There is, at the very heart of human life, a "bottomless instability" which man is often reluctant to acknowledge. Thus the Chorus, towards the end of *Oedipus the King* :

Alas, ye generations of men, how mere a shadow do I count your life ! Where, where is the mortal who wins more of happiness than just the seeming, and, after the semblance, is falling away ? Thine is a fate that warns me— thine, thine, unhappy Oedipus— to call no earthly creature blest.

Sophocles produced over one hundred and twenty plays, out of which seven survive.

Like Aeschylus, Sophocles tries to discover the cause of mankind's insecurity. Like Aeschylus, he witnesses with horror the ravages caused by violence and arrogance. But his chief concern is not with the establishment of a more humane exercise of justice. It is in the depth of the human heart that he discerns the fundamental flaw: It is not so much a sin as congenital weakness. And it is a weakness of vision : it is a fatal kind of blindness. Man knows that "all human destiny is full of the fear and the peril that good fortune may be followed by evil. He who stands clear of trouble should beware of dangers ; and when a man lives at ease,

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that he should look most closely to his life, lest ruin comes on
" But while knowing, he fails to act according to his know-
in blindness the monopoly of the prosperous. Misery and
affect the vision as well as happiness and comfort. For both
and misery are in the hands of the gods and both are equally
change. "All men are teleologically blind. All life moves
like containment of final ignorance and impotence. To act
on self founded certainty of what to-morrow will bring is to
blind man who throws away his stick, shakes off the guiding
lunge forward alone. Humanity's stick is its ritual life,
over-craft. The guiding hand is lent by the gods."³

Neoptolemus makes a constant use of the seer and of the oracle.
He means by which the gods intend to enlighten men on their
He remains inclined to shape things according to his views.
He tries to try to prove to himself that oracles are meaningless,
to assert his autonomy. He ignores that human autonomy is
illusion. Within that illusion, he is purposefully planning the
events, unaware that all is planned by forces which are un-
fail- why, against all human expectations, prosperity is suddenly
into adversity and adversity into prosperity.

The oracle which is the mainspring of the whole action in
Helenus, a Trojan prisoner, "foremost among seers," has
that Troy will fall when Philoctetes, who possesses the bow
of, will come to Troy and conquer the city. Odysseus plans to
bring Philoctetes to Troy from his exile on the deserted coast of Lemnos.
He knows that Philoctetes will not listen to the appeal of the Greek
who have relegated him by force to the desolate island
because of his ulcerous foot and his wild shrieking had made
him unbearable. Odysseus has taken with him Achilles' son,
Neoptolemus, whom he coaches into beguiling the mind of Philoctetes.
The thing is to get hold of Herakles' miraculous bow and, if
to induce the embittered hero to join the Greek army before the
Troy Neoptolemus is reluctant to "compass aught by evil arts."
He knows that Philoctetes will never listen to persuasion. As to
win by force, it is impossible as long as the infallible bow is in his
the only way is fraud. Neoptolemus, out of respect for the oracle,
to act in a way which offends his deepest feelings. He meets
Odysseus, introduces himself and tells him the false story of his anger
with Neoptolemus and Odysseus and his decision to leave for home.

Philoctetes begs him to take him away with him and to help him return to his paternal kingdom. Overwhelmed with pity at the sight of the forsaken warrior, the young man wavers in his resolve and allows his true nature to prevail : he promises to rescue Philoctetes from his exile and to take him back to his native estate. As they prepare to leave, Philoctetes entrusts the bow to Neoptolemus. At that moment, a bitter conflict arises in the heart of Neoptolemus : will he betray his leaders to whom he has freely offered his help for the fulfilment of the oracle, or will he betray the man who has trusted his proffered friendship ? The sudden appearance of Odysseus decides the issue : the cunning son of Laertes persuades Neoptolemus to depart with him with the bow, Philoctetes is left alone and helpless. But Neoptolemus comes back, followed by an infuriated Odysseus. The young man has decided to retrieve the shameful breach of faith committed by him. He returns the bow to Philoctetes and points out to him how his suffering makes him blind :

Men must needs bear the fortunes given by the gods, but when they cling to self-inflicted miseries, as thou dost, no one can justly excuse or pity them. Thou hast become intractable ; thou canst tolerate no counsellor ; and if one advise thee, speaking with good will, thou hatest him, deeming him a foe who wishes thee well.

He tells him about the oracle and how he will be cured from his terrible disease and will gain fame. But Philoctetes will have none of it. He will not help those who have been the cause of his misery. Yielding to his entreaties, Neoptolemus accepts to take him home. Both now are blind : the young man blinded by his generosity, and the old warrior by his bitter resentment. But as they go, Herakles appears and speaks to Philoctetes :

Thou shalt go with yon man to the Trojan city, where, first, thou shalt be healed of thy sore malady ; then chosen out as foremost in prowess of the host, with my bow shalt thou slay Paris, the author of these ills ; thou shalt sack Troy ; the prize of valour shall be given to thee by our warriors : and thou shalt carry the spoils to thy home, for the joy of Poëas thy sire, even to thine own Oetæan heights.

Philoctetes bows to the divine will and recognizes the hidden power of "the all-subduing god who has brought these things to fulfilment." And, in retrospect, everything falls into place : the cruel fate dealt out to Philoctetes, the vain attempt of Odysseus to beguile the rejected hero,

of Neoptolemus. The designs of men are powerless ; vicious they are unable to thwart the will of the gods. And while the way in which the fortunes of Philoctetes restore him to fame, we cannot help sorrowing at the thought that that restoration is indissolubly linked with the devastation of

the King is dominated by three oracles: The first, concerning the first, is already fulfilled when the play begins, but its yet unaware of their disaster. Human blindness has helped the first. The good heart of the old Theban shepherd and of his friend have saved the baby prince from death. After the "good" action appears in its true light and Oedipus exclaims :

the man, whoever he was, that freed me in the pastures from the cruel shackle of death, and saved me from death, and gave me back to life— a thankless deed I did then, to my friends and to mine own soul I have not been so sore a grief.

Oedipus' "good" intention to flee from his paternal home, once he learnt the terrible secret of his doom, is an attempt to substitute human plan for the divine decree. The second oracle, concerning the Theban, is going to lead Oedipus from darkness to light. But the will be so terrible to behold that Oedipus will pluck out his eyes— thus changing by physical blindness the torment of his restored spirit. The oracle, brought by Creon from the temple of Apollo, asks the king to purify the city from the defiling presence of King Oedipus. Oedipus is a good king and he loves his city. He will do all effort to ward off the calamity which afflicts Thebes.

I will start afresh and once more make dark things plain.... Whoever was the slayer of Laius might wish to take vengeance on me also with a hand as fierce. Therefore, in doing right to Laius, I serve myself.

There ever been deeper tragical irony than this ? With the third oracle, uttered by the blind seer Teiresias, Oedipus faces so unbearable a truth that he will do everything in his power to extinguish it. At first reluctant to speak, but finally goaded by the provoking insistence of Teiresias, Oedipus blurts out : "Thou art the accursed defiler of this land. Thou art the slayer of the man whose slayer thou seekest !" The mind of Oedipus works fast : since this cannot be true, the oracle regarding

the city cannot be true either. It is an invention of Creon who, with the connivance of Teiresias, hopes to usurp the throne. Creon challenges the king: "Go to Pytho, and ask if I brought the true word of the oracle.... Make me not guilty of unproved surmise." Oedipus waives the challenge aside. Iocasta interferes. Her approach is pacifying: oracle or no oracle, what is the use of quarrelling? Oracles are not infallible. And she quotes the oracle according to which Laius had to be slain by his own son. But he was killed by a band of robbers, while his only child died, as a baby, on a trackless mountain. With irony, she concludes: "Thus did the messages of seer-craft map out the future. Regard them, thou, not at all." After relating in detail the rumours about Laius' death and after listening to Oedipus' own story, Iocasta re-asserts her skepticism: "For what touches divination, I would not look to my right hand or to my left." Disturbed by that lack of faith, the Chorus complains: "The old prophecies concerning Laius are fading; already men are setting them at naught, and nowhere is Apollo glorified with honour; the worship of the gods is perishing." Yet, disturbed by Oedipus' sombre mood, Iocasta has no other course than to pray to Apollo, "that he may find some riddance from uncleanness." The answer of the god is cruel in its irony. The messenger from Corinth arrives and announces the death of Polybus. Iocasta triumphs: "O ye, oracles of the gods, where stand ye now? This is the man whom Oedipus long feared and shunned, lest he should slay him." Oedipus shares her joy, although fear lingers in his mind regarding the second part of the oracle: his wedlock with his mother. Iocasta laughs at him: "'tis best to live at random, as one may.... He to whom these oracles are as naught bears his life most easily." To this affirmation of human autonomy, Apollo, through the messenger from Corinth, gives the most shattering lie. With the kind intention of allaying the fears of Oedipus, the messenger reveals to him that Polybus is not his father and that Merope is not his mother. It was the messenger himself who rescued the baby whose pierced ankles were tied together. The baby was given to him by a shepherd of the house of Laius. Iocasta immediately perceives the terrible truth. But in spite of her entreaties, Oedipus summons the old Theban shepherd. The veil of illusion is torn and all the oracles assume their full meaning: Teiresias, the blind seer, was right. The city will be purged of its defilement and restored to prosperity. Creon is not a usurper. Oedipus "has been found out, in spite of himself, by Time, the all-seeing," while Iocasta, "bemoaning the wedlock wherein, wretched, she has borne a twofold breed, husband by husband, children by her

"hangs herself. A woeful tale of blindness, of sinless blindness, if only to it the moral norm of personal responsibility, but of sinful blindness. If, with the ancient Greeks, we see in man's radical impotence to control the course of his life the root of all the abominations which afflict humanity."

In *Antigone*, Creon has changed considerably. From the pious and dutiful man who would not take a decision without consulting the gods, he has become a self-willed ruler, bent on "respecting his own edicts." He refuses to rule by any other judgment than his own. Only, Haemon, Antigone's fiancé, reminds him that inflexibility leads to disaster :

Many men think that he alone is wise — that in speech, or in mind, he has no peer — such a soul, when laid open is found empty.... He who keeps the sheet of his sail taut, and never slackens it, upsets his boat, and finishes his voyage with keel uppermost.

Teiresias, the blind seer, who has read in the evil omens of the burnt sacrifice the displeasure of the gods, entreats Creon to reconsider his decision : "Self-will incurs the charge of folly. Nay, allow the claim of the dead ; stab not the fallen ; what prowess is it to slay the slain now !" Like Oedipus, Creon accuses Teiresias of being bribed to advise him to change his mind. The seer prophesies the impending calamity. Finally, under the entreaty of the Chorus, Creon rushes to the place where Antigone has been buried alive. He is too late : Antigone is dead and, with her, Haemon, who has killed himself on the body of the girl :

Corpse enfolding corpse he lies ; he has won his nuptial rites, poor youth, not here, yet in the halls of death ; and he has witnessed to mankind that, of all curses which cleave to man, ill counsel is the sovereign curse.

Chorus echoes these words : "Woe is me, for the wretched blindness of my counsels !" Then comes the shattering news that Queen Eurydice has stabbed herself, cursing her husband for the death of her son. Dejected, Creon calls for death to deliver him from his dire fate. But the Chorus reminds him that the future is not in his hand : "The ordering of the future rests where it should rest." And the play concludes :

Wisdom is the supreme part of happiness ; and reverence towards the gods must be inviolate. Great words of prideful men are ever punished with great blows, and, in old age, teach the chastened to be wise.

With Sophocles, we move one step further from the hope of a cure for mankind's ills. While Aeschylus dreamt of the advent of justice as a remedy to violence and anarchy, Sophocles diagnoses the evil more sharply, but implicitly recognises that the fatal blindness cleaves to man. It would be salutary for mankind to live in humble conformity with the divine decrees. But those decrees themselves are often secret and remain unknown until they are accomplished. In *Oedipus at Colonus*, Oedipus passionately claims to be innocent of those terrible crimes which he has committed unwittingly. Yet, he has to pay the penalty. Born blind, man gropes to find his way in the darkness and stumbles heavily against obstacles which he cannot see. Such is the human condition. Even when the divine designs are known, man's blindness makes him self-willed and intractable. Thus, whether they are committed in the darkness of ignorance or against the light of oracles, the crimes of man originate in the same cause, and the retribution follows.

No more than Aeschylus does Sophocles entertain any hope regarding life after death. The place where Oedipus is led to end his tragic existence is the sacred grove of the Erynies, those queens of dread aspect, "maidens with whom none may strive, whose name we tremble to speak, by whom we pass with eyes turned away, moving our lips, without sound or word, in still devotion." After refusing to be a party to either faction of divided Thebes, he is summoned to leave this world by thunder and lightning and the only witness of his mysterious disappearance, Theseus, the king of Athens, "holds his hand before his face to screen his eyes, as if some dread sign had been seen, and such as none might endure to behold." Death may be the welcome end of miseries, but it has nothing to offer as a solution to man's hankering for peace and happiness. Thus we understand that, in one of its most sombre moods, the Chorus, in *Oedipus at Colonus*, should utter this terrible verdict on human life :

Not to be born is, past all prizing, best ; but, when a man has seen the light, this is next best by far, that with all speed he should go thither, whence he has come. For when he has seen youth go by, with its light follies, what troublous affliction is strange to his lot, what suffering is not therein ?— envy, factions, strife, battles and slaughters ; and, last of all, age claims him for her own— age, dispraised, infirm, unsociable, unfriended, with whom all woe of woe abides.

3. Euripides (480-406 B.C.) has been called "the philosopher of the stage." He is passionately interested in human nature and seems

to attach less importance to piety and regard for the gods than did Sophocles. At times, one has the impression that Euripides has not much respect for the gods, that he considers them as wanton and arbitrary. Perhaps, in his mind, they are little more than symbols of the irrational forces that are at work in the heart of man. If his two great predecessors can be, in a certain sense, be called guides and teachers, he is first and foremost an observer of human nature and hardly concerns himself with giving advice. He wrote between eighty and ninety plays, out of which thirteen survive, a clear proof of his popularity during the centuries that followed his death. Aristotle, while recognising his great talent as a tragedian, had no great esteem for him as a technician of drama. Aristophanes, well-known for his conservatism, liked to ridicule him. Yet, his departure from the traditional norms is not necessarily a sign of artistic weakness. His vision, unlike that of Aeschylus and of Sophocles, did not embrace a vast action in which the characters are subordinated to the development of the plot. His keen observation focussed itself on men and women. That may be the main reason why Aristotle was not very fond of him. He was the first whom the Stagirite found difficult to classify under his well-defined categories.

How far a human being can go when goaded by one of those irrational impulses which are wont to possess a wounded heart—such is Euripides' favourite object of study. Look at Medea and Electra. They both are driven by an insatiable thirst for revenge. Medea is an extraordinary and dangerous woman. She possesses magic powers and her intensity has nothing morbid about it. For the love of Jason, she has left her father and her country, she has killed her own brother, she has used her evil powers to kill Pelias, Jason's adversary. What is going to happen if such a woman is betrayed by the man whom she loves so passionately? Jason does not appear as a hero. He is a rather ordinary man, mediocre and selfish. He has fallen in love with the daughter of Creon, the king of Corinth. He tries to persuade Medea that he has acted out of expediency and that the course he has chosen is the best, not only for himself, but for Medea and their two children. He does not realise that "though a man be timorous in all else, a coward at the mere sight of steel, yet in the moment she finds her honour wronged, no heart is filled with deadlier thoughts than hers." Medea remains lucid in her murderous plans. What she wants, above all else, is to strike her husband where he is most vulnerable. She pretends to listen to reason and, by her submissive attitude, punishes those whom she hates. And then she strikes. But before

striking, she has made sure of her own safety by appealing to the pity of Aegeus, the king of Athens. Under the guise of a costly present, she sends to her rival a richly embroidered robe and a golden crown, which kill her and her kingly father. Then after a short struggle in which her vindictiveness silences her motherly affection, she kills with her own hand her two children and appears, with the fresh corpses, to her unfaithful husband. But she is out of reach and escapes on her aerial chariot after cursing her husband. If Jason is severely punished for his betrayal, Medea's retribution is not mentioned. Euripides has dramatically revealed the disastrous power of unleashed passion and he refuses to moralise about it.

Electra, at the hands of Euripides, has become an embittered, self-centred woman. She has been thrown out of the royal palace and married to a peasant. She indulges in self-pity : "Ah me ! for my cruel lot, my hateful existence !" After Orestes has treacherously killed Aegisthus, smiting him on the spine when he was bending down over the victims, Electra gloats over the corpse :

I never ceased, as each day dawned, to rehearse the story I would tell thee to thy face, if ever I were freed of my old terrors ; and now I am ; so I will pay thee back with the abuse I fain had uttered to thee when alive.

Clytemnestra arrives, deceived by the false news that Electra has given birth to a child. Orestes begins to hesitate and wonders whether Apollo's oracle ordering him to avenge his father has to be taken seriously. Electra upbraids him for his lack of manliness. Then both mother and daughter enter into a bitter argument of self-justification and reproaches. Finally Clytemnestra is killed by her children, who, after the deed, are bewildered by what they have done. The play ends with a well-arranged solution : the Dioscuri appear, throwing doubt on the wisdom of Apollo. They foretell the torment of Orestes and his final release ; they settle the marriage of Electra with Pylades, Orestes' friend. Both brother and sister will have to leave Argos for ever. No power, human or divine, could have warded the doom of Clytemnestra : "It was fate that brought resistless doom to her, and that thoughtless oracle that Apollo gave."

Both Jason and Clytemnestra are punished for their infidelity to their conjugal vows, and, in both cases, it is a woman— wife or daughter— whose embittered fury and frustrated resentment bring about the inescapable retribution. Both Medea and Electra get away with it, as

were the irresponsible instruments of a power which used
own ends
that in *Orestes*, which is a very melodramatic sequel to
Orestes and *Electra* are threatened to be stoned to death by
of *Argos*. But after a series of pathetic scenes, in which
a very poor figure, the play culminates with the attempted
Apollo rescues the Spartan queen who obtains a place
Hermione. Orestes holds Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus,
and threatens to kill her if the cowardly and ambitious
use his influence to make the Argives change their
the death sentence of Orestes and Electra. It is Apollo
everything : Menelaus will return to Sparta ; Orestes will go
be acquitted ; he will then marry Hermione and rule over
promising to bring about a reconciliation between Orestes
Through the play, Euripides reveals his great gift to
without a certain cynicism, the human mind. This is how
man's psychology :

When the people fall into a fury and their rage is still fresh, they are as hard to
as a fire to be quenched ; but if you gently slacken your hold, and yield a little
cautiously watching your opportunity, they may possibly exhaust
; and then as soon as they have spent their rage, thou mayst obtain whatever
from them without any trouble ; for they have a natural sense of pity, and
an imperious too, an invaluable quality if you watch it closely.

Euripides also displays a certain skepticism regarding the super-
He likes rational explanations. Thus Apollo, not without
justifies the misbehaviour of Helen : "By means of Helen's
the gods embroiled Troy and Hellas, causing death thereby,
might lighten Mother Earth of the outrage done her by man's
population."

Euripides has been accused of being a woman-hater. In fact,
he often expresses his misgivings regarding the wisdom of the
he has no special partiality for man. Neither sex, nor social
wealth or power is synonymous with greatness. In *Electra*,
is surprised by the nobility of the peasant who has married his
daughter :

There is no sure mark to recognise a man's worth ; for human nature has in it
element of confusion. For instance, I have seen ere now the son of a noble sire
himself a worthless knave, and virtuous children sprung from evil parents.

In *Alcestis*, Euripides has given us the picture of a noble woman. She is Alcestis, the young queen of king Admetus. The latter has received the message that his time to die has come. Finding it a great pity that he should leave this world in the full strength of his manhood, he begs his old father, Pheres, to offer himself to death in his place. The old man refuses. Then he begs his mother, who likewise turns him down. Finally he approaches his young wife, Alcestis, who offers herself to death so that her husband may live. And now the summons comes and Alcestis must die. Admetus feels miserable at the thought that such a wife must go forever. Just before the funeral rites, the old king, Pheres, comes to sympathise with his son. There are few pages in world literature which so efficiently explode the myth of masculine superiority as the dialogue between Admetus and his father. The old king expresses his admiration for the young wife whose sacrifice has saved his only child and thus assured the security of his old age :

Farewell to thee, who hast saved this son of mine and raised me up when falling ;
be thine a happy lot even in Hades' halls ! Such marriages, I declare, are gain to man,
else to wed is not worthwhile.

Admetus' reply is bitter :

By heaven, thou art the very pattern of cowards, who at thy age, on the borderland
of life, wouldest not, nay I couldst not find the heart to die for thy own son.... And
yet, it was a noble exploit to achieve, to die to save thy son, and in any case the rem-
nant of thy time to live was but short ; and I and she would have lived the days
that were to be, nor had I lost my wife and mourned my evil fate.

The old man retorts :

Dost thou speak of cowardice to me, thou craven heart ! no match for thy wife, who
has died for thee, her fine young lord ? A clever scheme hast thou devised to stave
off death for ever, if thou canst persuade each new wife to die instead of thee ; and
dost thou then taunt thy friends, who will not do the like, coward as thou art thyself ?

Conclusion. In clear and patent terms has Euripides expressed the Greek's passionate clinging to life and his instinctive misgiving regarding life after death. Human existence may be full of sorrow and threatened by the invisible hand of destiny, yet, it is the only treasure which is worth possessing. Pheres, the old man, is as anxious to live as his son :

Thy joy is in the light, thinkst thou thy sire's is not? By heaven! it is a weary while,
 How that time beneath the earth, and life, though short, is sweet.... If thou dost
 Love thy life as well, this love is shared by all.

This goes further than the natural fear of death, which all men have.
 As we pointed out above, a definite outlook on the ultimate mean-
 ings of life. And there are good reasons to think that this outlook
 is an essential element of tragedy, not only of Greek tragedy, but of
 tragedy in itself. Where that outlook is absent, there can be no tragedy.
 Where human existence is not closed upon itself, where it
 opens upon some form of transcendent fulfilment, where death is more than
 an opening on the shadowy halls of Hades, tragedy cannot be the
 word. Once the Greek attitude to life is grasped, it is not difficult
 to understand that a disastrous end cannot be the determining factor
 in tragedy. The fluctuations of fortune upsetting human plans may be
 ended by death at any moment, either when prosperity smiles or when
 adversity strikes. It is the finality of death which confers upon life the
 quality of incompleteness for which there is no remedy. Life is a
 process which will never yield its fruit. It is exposed to the soothing rays
 of the sun and to the sudden outbursts of the storm. One day it is
 ended by death; it matters very little whether, on that fatal day, the
 sun is blossoming or withering.

Even this being said, it remains true that, where a different outlook
 prevails, which deprives tragedy of its substance, tragic moments are
 rare. There are periods of darkness, when man cannot find his way
 out of the labyrinth of trial and suffering. Even when the "beyond" is
 dominant, man may pass through his "Greek" moments, when
 he looks away from the light of the distant scene. But the distant
 scene eventually triumphs.

The Greek perspective can elicit an un-Greek response. We think
 of Oedipus, crushed by adversity, cursed the day on which he was
 born, and yet, "had the womb been the tomb of me, had I died at birth,
 had I never been cherished me, no breast suckled me, all would be
 silence." Sure enough, Oedipus stands very close
 to the Greek ideal.

He was the man, whoever he was, that freed me in the pastures from the cruel
 fate that lay on my feet, and saved me from death, and gave me back to life—o thank-
 you! I had I died then, to my friends and to mine own soul I had not been
 a man.

But, although the ancient Greek may call upon death as the great deliverer from misery, he remains fundamentally attached to life. He knows fully well that Hades has nothing to offer and, while he enjoys the light of the sun, he is ready to be the toy of fortune, as long as he has the chance to taste the little joys which life alone can offer, however short-lived they may be.

< *The Indian Atmosphere* ✓

Both the Greek and the Sanskrit playwrights are sophisticated. The Greek tragedian is competing for a prize and the Sanskrit dramatist is always mindful of the refined audience whose critical taste must be satisfied. Like the Greek, Sanskrit drama draws most of its themes from the epic tradition. Between Aristotle's definition of tragedy as "an imitation of action and life" and Dhanañjaya's definition of *nāṭya* as "*avasthānukṛtīr nāṭyam*," there is an unmistakable affinity. Dhanañjaya's definition is evidently much broader than Aristotle's, for the simple reason that the Stagirite has not given us a general definition of drama, but only of tragedy, whereas Dhanañjaya's definition is meant to embrace the ten types of drama from which the title of his book is derived. Drama is the "*imitation of a situation*." I am confident that Aristotle would readily agree with Dhanañjaya. Tragedy would then be the imitation of a situation which, by its very nature, evokes the question of the ultimate meaning of human existence. Although we do not possess his reflections on comedy, we may safely infer that, for him, comedy is the imitation of a situation which leaves out the vital question of life's purpose and is confined to some amusing aspects of man's pursuits.

Although the Indian classification of the various types of drama is much more elaborate than the simple division into tragedy and comedy, the principle of classification does not seem to follow the Greek conception. In the Indian context, every situation is ambivalent. While Greek tragedy hardly leaves room for the relaxation of a smile, the serious Sanskrit drama, on the one hand, provides the welcome relief of humour, and the light Sanskrit drama, on the other hand, rarely fails to have its pensive and deep moments. Victor Hugo, while writing his famous preface to *Cromwell*, would have found in Sanskrit drama a corroboration of his romantic doctrine.

This leads us naturally to the question : (what picture of human

Sanskrit drama offer us and how does it compare with the
of the Greeks? There is, first of all, a fundamental differ-
Greek believes that he has only one life to live, and for
to the crossing into the dark realm where human personality,
remaining unchanged, becomes a mere shadow of what it was
in. Even the few who, by exception, are granted the favour of a
earth preserve their own individuality. The Indian, on the
knows that his present life is a temporary appearance, preceded
by existences which he does not remember and, until he obtains
be followed by other lives in which his very individuality will
persist. This, of course, is bound to create a certain detach-
the so-called anguishing problems of human existence,
is not final, and the return from death is the most normal
to be expected by one who has not yet reached the final
"Janma hi dhruvo mṛtyur dhruvam Janma mṛtasya ca."

For drama to keep its dramatic quality, that detachment must
be absolute. It is quite clear, from Sanskrit drama, that life upon
is eternal and that the lust for life and for personal fulfilment,
has not the urgency natural to the Greeks, remains the main-
sustaining action. Yet, the atmosphere is unmistakably different :
with greater peace and serenity in Sanskrit drama, and the sense
of fatal guilt, so common with the Greeks, is practically

absent. In that human passions are viewed differently by the Greek
and the Indian. For a Greek, human passions—love, vindictiveness,
they are blind forces which can hardly be kept under control—
uncontrolled operation brings about disaster. For an Indian, the
deep-seated and permanent dispositions, seeking self-express-
ing to life its warmth and dynamism. Although they may
they may not make him forget his duty, it is their positive value
good, and not the potential danger which they might conceal.
the Greek, human nature and human life would be all right
to be cured of the disease which poisons them and if death
is necessary. In the eyes of the Indian, there is nothing wrong
in nature except that it is human nature, a transitory episode
until it is finally transcended.

For a Greek king is to die in battle. In the realm of
the Indian have nothing else to speak about than their past

prowess. When Odysseus, after defeating the suitors of Penelope, goes to meet his old father Laertes, he finds him working in the vineyard. The old man is not lost in contemplation and the unexpected return of his son puts new vigour into him. When the Ithacans attack Odysseus, Laertes cannot control his joy : "Dear gods ! What a day this is to warm my heart ! My son and my grandson are competing in valour." And he himself "poising his long spear, hurled it and struck Eupheides who, with a clang of armour, crashed to earth."

The Indian king is a great warrior and he enjoys the power by which he rules his people. But there comes a time when his son is old enough to take his place. Leaving then the affairs of the state, he withdraws from active life and meditates on the transitoriness of earthly existence. The substance of things unseen and the vision of harmony in which all conflicts are resolved, beckon to him. He knows that the succession of births and deaths is a pilgrimage leading the spirit to its immortal abode where the earthly ego, with its hopes, ambitions and conflicts, will be set at rest in the transcendent bliss of the ātman. That is why Sanskrit drama, illumined by the light of fulfilment, never has the tragic finality of Greek tragedy. Even when the dramatic "situation" remains confined within the limits of earthly existence, the harmony of ultimate bliss is reflected in the peaceful denouement and the solution of all conflicts. Sanskrit rhetoricians have compared drama to the slow maturation of a seed into a ripe fruit, a growth which is thwarted by hostile forces but which, eventually, reaches fulfilment. Greek tragedy, too, moves ineluctably towards a climax. But whether that climax be happy or disastrous, it ultimately reminds man that life has no other issue than death and that what comes after death can only be a poor substitute for life. Light and shadow, reality and unreality have a different pattern in Greek tragedy, it is the light of the sun which is contrasted with the darkness of Hades. In Sanskrit drama, it is against the fleeting and playful game of human life that the permanence of unchanging joy stands in relief. Hence, the Greek and the Indian moods, in the presence of the same dramatic material, are of different quality. Human passions, with their hopes, anxieties, conflicts, joys and sorrows, do not find the same echo in the Greek heart and in the Indian spirit. The Greek lives through the fluctuations of destiny with a rare intensity, knowing that all that matters to him is at stake in the mysterious struggle to which he is committed. The Indian, however deeply involved in the pursuit of his cherished ambitions, is less intense, more detached. An

atmosphere of unreality pervades the Indian scene, without, however, diminishing the dramatic value of human conflicts. There is no room for lyrical descriptions and poetic speculation, but a breathless urgency which punctuates and precipitates the action of the tragedy.

This atmosphere may be illustrated with a few specimens

from the 4th century A.D. This is the author of *Mṛcchakatikam* (The Mocking of the Mockers), rather unusual for its vitality. The canvas is broad. The city of Ujjain is throbbing with life. Gamblers, jugglers exercise their trades, political intrigue weaves the plot, artists and professional musicians entertain the people, the police is vigilant and the administration of justice is prompt. At first sight, one would think that the writer does not dominate the action and lacks that spirit of economy which sacrifices the non-essential in order to focus the whole attention on the essential. But this is not so. The distinction between essential and irrelevant is not, as in Greek tragedy, a stern and single-minded pursuit of its objective with undeviating logic. Destiny is a personified force, going about her task with a seemingly whimsical but not hasty, enjoying the long detours prompted by her whim. Take, for example, in the second act, the long scene in which the hero is pursued by Mathura, the keeper of the gambling house. Mathura's humorous, humorous, didactic reflections on gambling are intended to make us forget about Cārudatta. But, having been caught by his creditor, the masseur finds refuge in Mathura and tells her that he was at the service of Cārudatta. Mathura, charmed by his liberality, he had to resort to gambling. He paid off his debt and the masseur, tired of the emptiness of life, decides to become a Buddhist monk. So far, we may think that Mathura's story is meant to illustrate the generosity of the hero and of his friend. But, in fact, we do not hear of the Buddhist monk till the end of the play. He is ill-treated by Samsthānaka and hurriedly goes into the forest. When he returns, trying to find a place where he can rest, he sees a heap of leaves and discovers the presence of Vasantika. He gives her shelter and brings her to the house of Cārudatta at the moment of Cārudatta's vindication. The play is so built that its pattern looks like a web woven of disparate threads. But the final effect reveals a mind

of great artistic skill. The way in which the political sub-plot combines with the main plot is quite remarkable : both plots come to fruition simultaneously, and one does not know who should be more grateful: Āryaka for the protection given by Cārudatta at a critical moment, or Cārudatta for his miraculous rescue brought about by the success of Āryaka's conspiracy.

As in most Sanskrit plays, the dominant feeling here is love. Looking back at Greek tragedy, we are surprised to see that the passion of love there leads its victims to utter ruin. Agamemnon and Cassandra, Clytemnestra and Aegisthus, Paris and Helen, Neoptolemus and Andromache, Phaedra and Hippolytus, Jason and Medea—so many fatal unions doomed to disaster. Alcestis is the only exception. She loves her husband Admetus and agrees to die in his place. She is perhaps the closest Greek parallel to Sitā. But Admetus is a poor lover : he does bewail the loss of his dear wife and promises to remain faithful to her till death, but he nonetheless accepts her sacrifice, counting his own life more precious than hers.

Cārudatta and Vasantasenā's love is a beautiful passion. They are in love and yearn for union. The poverty of Cārudatta is no obstacle to Vasantasenā's desire and Vasantasenā's profession is no barrier to Cārudatta's esteem. Samsthānaka, that sensual ruffian, pursues Vasantasenā as a woman who can be bought. But the courtesan's heart has discovered a new dimension of love. She sees in Cārudatta the man who can liberate her from her venal pursuits. And the story of these two lovers is a story of mutual esteem, generosity and self-respect. The humorous tact with which Vasantasenā, knowing everything about the burglary, accepts the explanation and the compensation offered by Cārudatta, reveals a soul of very great refinement. The scruple which prompts Cārudatta to return the jewels given to his son by Vasantasenā is a sign of extreme delicacy of feeling. Love must remain pure : even a mere semblance of greed would contaminate it.

Love, however, does not go without suffering. The evil genius of Samsthānaka and his bestial jealousy are inventive. The caprice of destiny helps him. Through the trivial accident of the forgetfulness of Cārudatta's driver, Vasantasenā falls into his hands. Goaded and offended by her dignified resistance, he strikes her and hides her body, thinking he has killed her. Then he plans to accuse Cārudatta of the crime. And those very jewels which were the symbol of Vasantasenā's generosity and of Cārudatta's self-respect, become the decisive evidence leading to

And this by a mere accident : the scuffle in
Saiṣṭhānaka. It is, as though, under the
agency, the best intentions were turned against

triumph. The conspiracy has succeeded—Āryaka
is saved and given honour and wealth—he has
from poverty and dishonour. Vasantasenā is alive
wife—she has obtained liberation from death and
her former profession. Saiṣṭhānaka is liberally
and liberation from his evil ways. And, in the
out the play, we sense the presence of Cāradatta's
human whose generosity is as deep as it is discreet.
friendship. It is so sincere and, at the same time, so
that that one can guess how elated he is at the sight
of her.

Fortunary and destiny is capricious : but there is a
playful arabesques of fate's fancy. Good and evil are
the unfolding of human existence and both, at the
end in harmony :

Life with us, teaches us that this world is a union of opposites,
forces of fortune and misfortune, and that, by the fundamental
law, we and our adversaries are indissolubly bound together,
linked to an endless chain, rise and fall in a well.

(4th century A.D.). It is difficult to speak of Kāli-
dāsa has been said about him and so many clichés are
used. However, from the point of view which we have
tried to point out how distant Kālidāsa's vision is
from ours. He is supreme in depicting love. No one
with so great and delicate an art the first thrills of
the all-absorbing fascination of growing love, the exqui-
site love and the unsurpassable bliss of fulfilled love.
The sensitivity of his poetic analysis of the great
pattern which gives us the clue to Kālidāsa's vision.

of Meghadūtam has allowed his love to interfere with
his duty to live far away from his beloved wife. Pārvatī,
the goddess of the god of love, has attempted to distract Śiva
from his duty by exploiting her youthful charms. She has to take
care to win the object of her love. Urvāṣī, in an

outburst of wild jealousy, brings upon herself and Pururavas the chastening trial of separation. Śakuntalā, lost in her love-dreams, fails in her duty. Through the instrumentality of Durvāsas' curse, destiny imposes on her and on Duṣyanta the purifying suffering of humiliation and *viraha*.

It is not that Kālidāsa has a puritanical attitude towards youthful passion. It is enough to re-read the description of the advent of spring, when Madana is leading Pārvatī to the austere hermitage of Śiva, or the delightful scene where love makes itself felt for the first time in the hearts of Urvaśī and Pururavas, to realise the beauty and the irresistible charm of the first impact of love on the heart of a young woman. Indra is more understanding than Bharata : while the sage curses Urvaśī for her mistake, the god blesses her and allows her to join her earthly lover. Kaṇva, the foster-father of Śakuntalā, readily agrees to the marriage which she has contracted without consulting him.

But it is in the order of things that the flower of love should ripen into the fruit of mature love. And here, destiny will play its part : the lamentation of Rati over the ashes of Madana will not be in vain. Purification through fire is the condition of love's full growth. Lustful passion carries with it an element of infatuation which obscures the mind. It is that element of blindness which destiny exploits. Under the delusion of jealous possessiveness, Urvaśī forgets the law established by Skanda forbidding any woman to enter the grove under the pain of being transformed into a creeper. We must be grateful to destiny, for to it we owe the incomparable lyrical wanderings of Pururavas in Act IV of *Vikramorvaśīyam*, in which poetry and pathos are so harmoniously blended. Again, it is the blindness of passionate love which brings upon Śakuntalā the curse of the ill-tempered Durvāsas. After the miraculous recovery of the signet-ring, Duṣyanta takes his share of the trial. But we know—and the nymph Sahajanyā is there to confirm us in our certitude—that "such grief cannot torture for ever the tender lovers. Some god is sure to pity them and bring about their union."

The most tragic passage of Kālidāsa is the fifth act of *Śakuntalā*. It is there that Sanskrit drama comes closest to Greek tragedy. Like Oedipus who, in his fatal blindness, pursues relentlessly his own doom and the doom of those whom he loves, Duṣyanta, with the blind self-righteousness of a fatally deluded king, submits his own wife to the most terrible ordeal and shatters his own happiness. The dialogue between the king and Śārṅgarava has the same vehemence as the exchange between Oedipus and Teiresias.

here lies the difference : Oedipus' blindness is incurable and it affects with relentless consistency, whereas Duṣyanta's is the temporary means by which his love and Śakuntalā's love are their true stature. That is why Sanskrit drama can have its moments, but will never fit the Greek pattern of tragedy. It is a dimension which is incompatible with Greek tragedy. ✓

fruition of love, in Kālidāsa, obtains its full meaning in the very title of his *mahākāvya* describing the love between Parvati is Kumāra-sambhava. It is in view of the birth of War-holy love has to mature. Both Pururavas and Duṣyanta are re- their beloved wives through their son. It is young Āyus who his arrow the vulture who had stolen the jewel of union. are thrilled by the touch of their son. Both feel that the son of their lineage is assured and they look forward to the they will entrust their kingship to their heir and, in the com- their beloved, spend their last years in the peace of perfect to last prayer of Duṣyanta is a prayer for final release :

Mumāpi ca kṣāpayatu nilalohitaḥ
Punarbhavaṃ parigataśaktir ātmabhūḥ.

(May the self-born Śiva, whose power is all-pervading,
put an end to my rebirth.)

to the contrast is brought into sharper outline between the Indian attitudes to life. Both find life worth living, but for different reasons : the Greek, because life is a gift which cannot be said beyond which there is nothing substantial to look forward Indian, because all successive lives are so many steps in the journey of the spirit towards a consummation which transcends sorrow.

Maheśvart (c. 700 A.D.) is of a sterner stuff than Kālidāsa. His tone is undeniable. From the beginning of his *Uttararāmacari-* that the atmosphere is charged with tension. Rāma's corona- tion taken place. Sītā is pregnant. They both love each other. knowing how a young couple may be all wrapped up in them- sends a message to the young king, reminding him that the wealth of a monarch is to please his subjects. Rāma declares ready to sacrifice everything, even his beloved wife, in order to his subjects. Sītā expresses her admiration for her husband. back, cleverly contrived through a picture-gallery, the king

and the queen relive together the main events of their past : the happy days of their marriage, their departure for the forest and their intimacy during the long months of their forest-life. They both weep before the picture depicting their separation. Then Sitā, tired of looking at the pictures, falls asleep in the arms of Rāma. And it is at this moment, when Rāma is experiencing the sweetness of union, that Durmukha enters and whispers into Rāma's ears the evil rumours of the citizens who suspect Sitā's innocence. The king, held by his vow to please his subjects, gives orders for the banishment of Sitā. At the same time, he feels the villainy of his deed and his utter unworthiness. He is called away by ascetics whose penance is disturbed by demons, while Sitā is taken away to the forest by Lakṣmaṇa.

Twelve years pass. A goddess in the meantime has entrusted two beautiful babies to the sage Vālmiki. Of Sitā, nothing has been heard. Rāma revisiting the forest of his exile suffers acutely and feels that the absence of Sitā has not been caused by a stroke of fortune but decided upon by his own decree. Invisible, Sitā witnesses the distress of her husband and feels her resentment giving way to her pity and love. The whole third act overflows with pathos : that is Bhavabhūti's favourite sentiment. It arises from a deep sense of frustration : the separation appears to be without remedy. Sitā knows nothing of her two boys. She wonders how she will ever be reunited to Rāma, and Rāma, after twelve long years, has no hope that Sitā has survived her exile in the forest. We seem to be at a dead end.

In Vālmiki's hermitage, Sitā's father, Janaka, and Rāma's mother, Kauśalyā, are confronted. It is a masterly scene, echoing, on a deeper register, the pain and frustration of the third act. The boy Lava adds to the tension when he tells his grandparents—whom he does not know and who do not know him—that the sage Vālmiki has not proceeded further in the composition of the *Rāmāyaṇa* than the abandonment of Sitā in the forest.

Heroism now shows forth in the encounter of the two cousins, Candraketu and Lava, which is interrupted by the arrival of Rāma. It is again at the contact of his two sons that the father's hopes are raised. Did not Tamasā, in the third act, say :

Antahkaraṇatattvasya dempatyoh snehasamīśrayāt
Anandagranthirekoyamapatyamiti badhyate.

(Being the abode of the common affection of the parents, the child
is the unique bond of joy of the hearts of father and mother.)

A great family reunion takes place and they all behold the drama unfold to them the wonderful destiny of Sitā : how she gave birth to her twins in the Gaṅgā and how, saved by Gaṅgā and Pṛthivī, she was brought to her future. Rāma faints and Sitā with her loving hands brings him back to his senses. He looks around and sees his long-lost wife. The twins are brought in and in so much joy that Rāma can hardly believe that it is all

real. The pattern is evident. In the words of S. N. Dasgupta, "The process ultimately tends to beatitude and happiness whatsoever . . . sufferings there may be in the way."⁴ Sūdraka, Kālidāsa and Kalidasa, each with his own poetic talent, have expressed their belief in the singleness of life. Sūdraka lived in a world mixed of goodness and evil. He saw destiny use both in her graceful choreography, in the opposite figures of a dance, to reach finally a beautiful tableau in which all discordant elements of strife and evil have been erased. He is the poet endowed with a universal sensitivity : pleasure, joy, sorrow, pain, anger and pride—all find their echo in his heart. His is a wonderful gift of self-expression, a poetic diction which seems to be an inexhaustible source. It is through the meanders of human life that destiny works out her appointed plan of harmony and joy. He has not the facility of Kālidāsa. His verse is the result of an intense struggle. He lives very close to the eternal sorrow of the human condition. Like Virgil, he has "the sense of tears in mortal things"—"Sunt lacrimae et metum mortalia tangunt." (*Aeneid*, I, 462) Aeneas, like Virgil and Dante, is looking at a picture-gallery representing the sad history of humanity, and, like them, he sheds tears and laments, wondering if there is anything to offer but sorrow and affliction. Bhavabhūti, more than Sūdraka and Kālidāsa, integrates love, with its fluctuations of joy and sorrow, in the family pattern. Pṛthivī and Janaka, the invisible presence of the gods, Kautalya whose motherly heart has been all along in the background, Labanama and his son Candraketu, Śāntā and her husband—the whole family share in the sorrowful trial of Sitā and Rāma. And, at the end, with the revelation of Sitā's motherhood and the appearance of the twins, it is the whole family which shares in the exulting joy of the triumph. Kalidasa, too, especially Aeschylus and Sophocles, had a deep sense of the shadow of doom. But their perspective was focussed on disaster and its fulfillment. The dynasty of Argos and the dynasty of Thebes were under the shadow of doom : hope and joy were only fleet-

ing rays of light which, at times, pierced but never dispelled "the darkness between the womb and the tomb."

Epilogue

The Greeks clung to life because they had nothing else to cling to. They preferred substance to shadow, even if the reality of existence was fraught with insecurity and suffering. The Indian loved life for the joys it could give, knowing that those joys had their counterpart of sorrow. But they looked beyond earthly life for fulfilment. Life was both real and unreal (*sat* and *asat*), a kind of half-substantial shadow which had its charms but whose charms were ephemeral. They took part in the dance of the universe, at times carried away by the illusion that they had found what they were looking for ; but, under the guidance of destiny, the great dance-master, they woke up to the realisation that the dance was meant to culminate in poised tranquillity.

The Greek vision is the vision of tragedy, which, to use modern existential terminology, consists in facing the ultimate meaninglessness of existence. Modern Europe, in many of her aspects, after the hope raised by Christianity and the self-complacency of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, has returned to ancient Greece, re-interpreting it, in many of her modern dramas, in the light of her own experience.

The Indian vision is not a tragic vision, although it may have its tragic moments. Transcendent fulfilment gives meaning to life and confers upon the conflicts of existence an illuminating teleology : *tamaso mā jyotir gamaya*. Modern India, after the long experience of her ambivalent contact with the West, is in a state of suspense. In many respects, the immediate has blurred the vision of the transcendent. Other visions are competing with the traditional perspective and, in some places, existential frustration has found a deep echo. Modern Indian drama reflects those various tendencies. Yet, looked from above, those various trends, seemingly contradictory, may still be figures of the great dance whose apparent anarchy hides a secret order which will not become manifest before the time appointed by the dance-director.

1 *Poetics*, 50a, 16-12.

2 *Ibid.*, 1450a.

3 John Jones, *On Aristotle and Greek Tragedy* (London, 1962), p. 168.

4 S. N. Dasgupta and S. K. De, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, p. xlvii.

TRAGIC SUFFERING IN ŚAKUNTALĀ, UTTARARĀMACARITA,
1000 AND THE WINTER'S TALE

part of a longer study in which I have considered *Śakuntalā*, *Uttararāmacarita*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale* as examples of a type of comedy where the dramatic action includes two reversals or changes of fortune instead of the usual one—a first reversal corresponding to the catastrophe in tragedy and a second corresponding to the "anastrophe" in comedy. In such tragicomedies, the hero begins by undergoing, through circumstances, a fall into misery which involves, symbolically, an abandonment of wife and issue. With the hero's recognition of this condition a period of suffering ensues. Through this suffering comes a regeneration, which qualifies him for a restoration to prosperity. Prosperity, symbolized in a recovery of the "lost" wife and issue, is obtained primarily by guardians. Such in brief outline is the structure of this tragicomic type. My concern in the present paper is with a part of this structure: the suffering that follows the tragic catastrophe. I have called it tragicomic suffering to distinguish it from the suffering in tragedy.

[The juxtaposition of plays from two unrelated dramatic traditions is, of course, somewhat arbitrary from a purely historical point of view. It is justified, nevertheless, aesthetically, since it reveals the relative universality of a certain dramatic mode.]

1. Aristotle, and as the whole range of tragic drama from antiquity to the present times illustrates, the most important effect of tragedy is tragic suffering. By "tragic suffering" I do not, however, mean Aristotle's "scene of suffering,"² which, like his "peripety" and "anastrophe," is merely an organic part of tragedy and denotes "a painful action, such as death on the stage, bodily agony,

wounds and the like."³ Suffering in our sense here refers to the whole painful experience—experience and not action—which the change of fortune from prosperity to misery causes to the hero. Perhaps the second member of Kenneth Burke's triad of "tragic rhythm" is a more accurate description of this experience.⁴ As Francis Fergusson elucidates and enlarges upon the Burkean theory,⁵ the hero begins with a "purpose," which through a series of agons is frustrated. The frustration, which corresponds to "reversal" in our terminology, causes "passion," at the end of which dawns a "perception." Fergusson's principal and immediate illustration is *Oedipus*, which no doubt shows all three members of the triad and with nearly equal sharpness. Most tragedies, however, may not have the "rhythmic" neatness of *Oedipus*. But if a tragedy underplays "perception" and even "purpose," one thing it will invariably highlight—"passion," and this signifies the relative importance of the latter or of tragic suffering in a tragic reversal.✓

In other words, the necessary outcome of a tragic reversal is suffering. In a tragedy, where the action terminates with the tragic reversal, this suffering is naturally not prolonged. But in a tragicomedy—I mean a tragicomedy of the type we are dealing with (unless otherwise specified, "tragicomedy" henceforth will refer to this type)—the suffering has a relatively long duration. The reason is obvious. The action in such a play does not terminate with the tragic reversal: it extends to a subsequent change of fortune—a comic reversal. No doubt the suffering here is primarily an outcome of the tragic reversal, but being prolonged to the comic reversal it also seems to have some bearing upon that. It might not be erroneous to suggest that in addition to being an effect, as in a tragedy, the suffering in a tragicomedy also assumes a causal role. Let me elucidate the point.

The suffering caused by a tragic reversal can operate on both a physical and a psychological level. That is, the protagonist can experience his change of fortune from prosperity to misery both externally and internally. In the former case, what predominates is the event; the protagonist suffers without much introspection. In the latter case, what predominates is introspection; the protagonist suffers showing a recognition of his own responsibility in the event. Now, in a tragedy the suffering can be purely physical or external. No doubt in many tragedies there is also a hint of recognition; but it does not have to be there. A play by definition can be a tragedy as long as there is in it a tragic reversal and a certain amount of physical or external suffering resulting from that. In a tragicomedy,

other hand, the suffering has to be psychological, besides being physical. Since there occurs a tragic reversal in a tragicomedy, some external suffering will necessarily be experienced. But unless there is an internalization of the suffering, that is, unless the protagonist feels remorse for his tragic deed, the action cannot be legitimately tragic.

The question is worth looking into. As I have noted above, the suffering in a tragicomedy is prolonged. Also, it is followed by a comic reversal. Now, if this prolonged suffering has no relation at all with the comic reversal, the latter will be meaningless, produced not by the play's action, but by the dramatist's whim. And surely we cannot expect that. I am not suggesting that the comic reversal is produced through the protagonist's suffering; the guardians also play a considerable role in it. But there has to be some organic relation between the suffering and the comic reversal; otherwise there will be no difference between a tragicomedy and a *tragédie manquée*.² And if anything, comedies are not *tragédies manquées*; they are plays with two reversals, of which are equally legitimate.

It is noted, then, that there should be an organic relation between the suffering in a tragicomedy and its comic reversal, it cannot establish itself if the suffering operates on the purely external level; there has to be an internalization too. This will become clear if we try to see what the internal relation is. In a tragicomedy, the protagonist is restored to his original state. The restoration is to a degree due to a change in the protagonist's character - he shows signs of regeneration. He is no longer that man of fortune who falls through a tragic fault or a tragic fate. He is now humble; he has been chastened. And this change in the character is necessary for the comic reversal, comes through the suffering. The suffering presupposes introspection on the part of the protagonist; when he recognizes his own responsibility in the tragic reversal, he undergoes a moral change. In other words, the suffering has to be in part internal. Purely physical suffering can produce a catharsis in the audience, but it cannot bring about any change in the protagonist's character.

And thus a tragedy does not attempt any such change; that is the difference between a tragedy and a tragicomedy. Whenever there is any hint of such change in a tragedy, it is a tragicomedy. We have noted above that tragedies too sometimes show a little physical suffering in addition to its more natural physical suffering - the suffering of "perception" (Burkean term) is suggested in the protagon-

nist. But that by no means is a precondition for the perception in the spectator, which is generated in him by a tragic catharsis. *Macbeth* is perhaps no less cathartic than *Oedipus*, yet the hero there does not show any perception similar to *Oedipus*' in the end. The tragic hero elevates, at least enlightens, us through his physical suffering, not through his own enlightenment, although it might, if it is there, lend additional force to our enlightenment. Also, this enlightenment in the tragic hero, whenever it occurs, is not effectively regenerative, as in the case of the hero of a tragicomedy. Perhaps, the latter's full-grown enlightenment is one of the reasons why we do not experience any catharsis in the tragic reversal of a tragicomedy; before we emerge out of it with a perception, this enlightenment forces us to follow its effective course to the end. *K, r.*

The nature of the suffering in a tragicomedy will be further clear, if we characterize it as purgatorial. It purifies the protagonist of the evil caused by his own choice or by his own fate, and prepares him for redemption. Compared to this, tragic suffering seems to be somewhat infernal. The hero suffers in a tragedy in damnation, and even with his occasional enlightenment he suffers without hope. On the contrary, the fire that scorches the tragicomic hero is a fire of hope, and it burns internally. It asks for participation from him; he must throw himself into it with unflagging zeal. But there cannot be any participation unless the hero recognizes his own responsibility in his fall. Hence the importance of recognition in tragicomic suffering; it is the necessary condition for the suffering itself.

It should be pointed out that I am not using the term "recognition" here in its exact Aristotelian sense. Aristotle's "recognition" is simply an organic part of a tragedy and applies only to "complex" tragedies or tragedies of a superior quality. No doubt it deals with knowledge or, in its deepest employment, with self-knowledge; but this knowledge or self-knowledge is purely in respect of a situation. "Recognition" in the full Aristotelian sense occurs later in a tragicomedy, in its comic reversal where also the knowledge appears as external knowledge. But "recognition" in our sense here, the recognition that is presupposed in tragicomic suffering, deals with a different kind of knowledge or self-knowledge, to be more proper. It is the knowledge of the self in internal terms. It consists in the hero's knowing not so much what he has done as the fact that he has done it. Of course, there is some recognition also of the Aristotelian kind; for unless the hero knows what has been done, he cannot know that he has done it. Aristotelian recognition precedes the

him in our sense, naturally as a precondition for it. But in a way these two kinds of recognition tend to be simultaneous; there does not seem to be any interval between the hero's knowledge of what he has done and of the fact that he has done it. This is significant in that it shows how instantaneously the internalization takes place in a tragedy, how instantaneously the deed and the doer are identified in the hero's self-knowledge.

Although the suffering in a tragicomedy ensues with the recognition, it needs a constant awareness on the part of the hero of his responsibility in what has happened. Figuratively speaking, the fire needs fuel. This is supplied by the prolonged consequences of the tragic deed, namely, death and loss. Death and loss occur as a psychological experience rather than physical incidents, as in a tragedy.

Death plays an important part in popular Renaissance tragicomedies where death seems to appear as a danger and not as a happening. In Marlowe's *Pastor fido*. The hero Mirtillo's death is prepared over and over again, but he is saved at the last moment. Similarly in Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and No King*, before Arbaces' drawn sword can carry out the intended deaths, the action turns into a happy resolution. In some authors' *Philaster*, the apprehension of death remains a threat. Before Philaster can be led to death, the citizens, loyal to him, start a rebellion which changes the whole course of the play. In *Philaster* in this play, not dead. Incidentally, we can see a similar role of death in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, where Shylock is very close to it but is rescued finally. However, it is in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, where the danger of death usually occurs as a sudden turn of the action or as a sudden impulse in the hero rather than as a well-motivated development. Anyway, the important thing to notice in this connection is that in none of these plays does death actually take place. And this is exactly what distinguishes tragicomedy from tragedy as an important criterion for tragicomedy (that is, from tragedy) in his prefatory note to the reader in *The*

It is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it a tragicomedy. (my italics)

Fletcher is evidently echoing Guarini, who had set down the same principle a few years before : "He who composes tragicomedy takes from tragedy ... its danger but not its death ..."⁷

But Fletcher, as much as Guarini, seems to be viewing death as a purely physical event. In other words, instead of suggesting any possible special significance of death in tragicomedy, he applies to it the point of view of tragedy. Death in a tragedy, whenever it occurs, constitutes, as we have seen above, a "scene of suffering," according to Aristotle. It does not necessarily have to occur ; for the "scene of suffering," which comes at the end of a tragedy and is an indispensable part of it, can consist in any physical pain. However, in most tragedies, at least in most Renaissance tragedies, the hero dies. From the aesthetic point of view, this death, as Roy Morrell suggests,⁸ contributes to our catharsis, which is the outcome of a tragedy in Aristotle's opinion. But whatever its function, it is clear that death or any other event, for that matter, at the conclusion of a tragedy is physical. We have to see it on the stage or hear it reported as an action on the physical level, and the hero has to display his knowledge of his tragic reversal through it. Even when it is preceded or accompanied by a rare illumination in the hero, as in *Lear* or *Oedipus at Colonus*, it never becomes purely psychological, as in the case of a tragicomedy in our sense. Guarini and Fletcher's understanding of the significance of death in tragicomedy is, thus, narrow. It only tells them where tragicomedy differs from tragedy with respect to the physical occurrence of death. In other words, it tells them of the negative aspect of death's role, not of the positive aspect. But then Guarini and Fletcher's practice too is limited. They do not explore the potentials of tragicomic drama fully and seriously, as do their contemporary, Shakespeare, and his distant kins, Kālidāsa and Bhavabhūti.

It is obvious that a tragicomic hero cannot die. He does not have to even come close to death, as prescribed by Guarini and Fletcher. His action will be tragicomic as long as he undergoes a tragic reversal followed by a comic one. Death in a tragicomedy occurs not in any danger of death, which the hero is subject to, but in a supposed dying of some other character in the play as a result of the hero's tragic deed. It is a supposed death, for it does not really take place. But that is beside the point. The point is that the hero knows the death to have taken place. Also, he knows that he himself is responsible for this death, which motivates his remorse. But remorse is by no means an external act : it is performed internally, in the hero's psyche. Thus death is internalized in

medly. It does not remain just an event, but becomes an experience. Through this experience or, more accurately, through a great suffering motivated by this experience, the hero atones for his crime. In other words, death in a tragicomedy adds a necessity to the tragicomic hero's suffering prior to his comic suffering which has already ensued through his internalized sense of his responsibility in the tragic reversal. What is important is that the hero suffers through a knowledge of the death he has caused. So it does not matter if the death actually does place. The hero knows it has taken place, and that is enough. What applies to death applies also to loss, the other consequence of the deed in a tragicomedy. Loss essentially is a form of death, the loss is concerned; and it is in his concern that our interest lies. The difference between death and loss is only one of degree. Naturally, loss will not motivate as great a suffering as death, but the suffering it will motivate is the same. And that is the point. In terms of the kind that one should compare one tragicomic with another; the degree will always vary depending on the action of the play. The degree varies in tragedies too. *Julius* and *Othello*, for instance, do not show the same degree of suffering, but it is a variance of degree within the same kind. And in tragedies, we have seen, is predominantly physical or external; in tragicomedies—tragicomedies, let me repeat, of the type with which we are dealing—predominantly psychological or internal. Let us now turn to the plays we are dealing with the generalizations. Let us now turn to the plays we are dealing with for detailed illustration. I will try to indicate three things: (a) the tragic reversal, (b) death and/or loss—that is, the outcome of the tragic action, (c) suffering. Naturally, they are all intertwined; it will need to indicate them separately.

The Winter's Tale

In *The Winter's Tale*,⁹ recognition comes in this play instantaneous with the tragic reversal. The reversal takes place when, after his blasphemy against Apollo's oracle—the news is of Mamillius' death. The news is sudden, but by no means too sudden; there has been some preparation for it; Mamillius has been ill. His illness being a sudden reaction to his mother's

dishonour. Besides, the death comes as a punishment from Apollo, juxtaposed with Leontes' disregard of the god. Leontes himself interprets it thus, and with this interpretation his act of recognition commences: "Apollo's angry, and the Heavens themselves / Do strike at my injustice." (III.ii.147-148) Notice the contrast between this and Leontes' ascribing in II.iii Mamillius' sickness to Hermione's supposed disgraceful action. A change has come, and it is certainly due to the death of the young prince, the physical event having turned inwards and shaken Leontes out of self-ignorance. Such is tragicomic recognition. Significantly, the death has been sent by Apollo, the god of light, the giver of right vision. So, the recognition here is clearly an enlightenment, a seeing of one's own action in its true perspective. Leontes' confession in the wake of Hermione's swoon at the news of Mamillius' death bears further evidence to this: "I have too much believed mine own suspicion." (III.ii.152) Thus, although on the surface the recognition in *The Winter's Tale* seems sudden, it is properly motivated through the instantaneous internalization. Also, in this internalization lies its dramatic effectiveness, which in all judgment is intense. Wilson Knight has observed in this a remarkable achievement on the part of Shakespeare: "No dramatic incident in Shakespeare falls with so shattering an impact; no reversal is more poignant than when after a moment's dazedness (Knight is referring to Leontes' 'How! gone!' in III.ii.146), Leontes' whole soul-direction changes."¹⁰

But such recognition turns not only the "soul-direction," but the direction of action also. Almost simultaneously with it, Leontes embarks upon active atonement. It is Apollo's "pardon" that he begs first, which is natural; because Apollo has been the guardian deity of the whole event and by showing "profaneness" to him Leontes incurred Apollo's anger, which in turn has enlightened him to his guilt (III.ii.154, 155). Thus, first to atone for his sin against religion, and then for the sins against friendship, love, and guidance. Witness his resolution: "I'll reconcile me to Polixenes, / New-woo my Queen, recall the good Camillo" (III.ii.156-157). This corresponds to the oracle, now that he has finally recognized its truth: "Hermione is chaste: Polixenes blameless: Camillo a true subject" (III.ii.133-134). So, Leontes' resolution is in conformity with Apollo's directive. It is interesting to note here that Leontes' language is free of the earlier contortions proper to jealousy and attendant passions. The tone is quiet, poised; it testifies to the newly-received enlightenment. Also, Leontes' detailed reference to Camillo's virtue (III.

O sages standing in God's holy fire ...
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.

It is important to note that the sages are invoked to inspire him to song, and this when he no longer wishes to take bodily form after death. And he will be

set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium ...

Perhaps one of the last wishes of a dying poet—Yeats wrote that he wrote the Byzantium poems, the first to recover his spirits, and the second 'warm himself back into life' after an illness and was 'looking for a poem that might befit his years'.

Yea, befit his years for it does not become an old man to be raving along, he must learn to leave the 'bitter furies of complexity' behind, 'fury and the mire of human veins', and be united with images which 'each images beget'. This is an act of salvation which he owed to himself which he has worked out with great diligence. It is as though there is nothing more to write after this supreme act of generosity to himself in the world. And if Yeats did write poetry after the Byzantium poem, it is poetry which did not matter in comparison, for he reached 'Byzantium' the supreme heights to which he could go in poetry.

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It is highly ironical that now, when Leontes has recognized his guilt, his desire should come true.

The irony is creative ; it strengthens Leontes' resolution. It reveals to him that a tragic action, once begun, takes a full toll. His fault was initially to work towards this death ; now he has to accept it, he has to suffer the consequence of his action. And it is he who primarily suffers through Hermione's death, not Hermione herself. And he has to suffer not so much because Hermione has died as because he has virtually killed her later in the play Paulina uses this word ; see V.i.15). If Hermione had not died, if things had stopped with Mamillius' death, he would have atoned for his guilt a little too easily, without paying for the full range of his sinful volition. If Leontes had not willed Hermione's death, we might have said that her death at this point is superfluous. But since he did will it, the death becomes an inevitability. Incidentally, in Leontes' concluding speech of III.ii note his desire that Mamillius and Hermione have one grave. This suggests that the two deaths are complementary to one another, essentially one death, which confirms my suggestion that Hermione's death has the necessary dramatic validity.

Unlike the reconciliation which Leontes planned upon Mamillius' death, the suffering caused by Hermione's death is a long-term atonement. And such suffering is it that Paulina's prescription rhetorically suggests :

Therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert. (III.ii.210-215 ; my italics)

And such suffering is it that Leontes' final resolution (as opposed to the initial resolution) also points to :

One grave shall be for both, upon them shall
The cause of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. (III.ii.237-243, my italics)

the overtone of both Paulina's prescription and Leontes' (I have italicized the words which have direct religious overtones also Leontes' reference to "shame perpetual," which is a sort of self-flagellation. Clearly, the suffering that Paulina speaks of consists in penance; it is purgatorial. For only there can a sin be atoned for.

Not only in prescription and resolution, but in execution also the suffering turns out to be quite long: sixteen years. In IV.i Paulina, while bridging up this interval, refers to Leontes' "the effects of his fond jealousies" (l. 18). Time also defines the nature of Leontes' suffering: he is "so grieving / That he / Kills himself," (ll. 18-19) which suggests that the suffering is purely internal, a matter of his psyche.

From Time's, there are other allusions to Leontes' off-stage suffering, whose guardianship was abused by Leontes, in IV.ii when he is called a "penitent king" (ll. 6-7) as a reason for the desire expressed by the present master Polixenes to return to Sicilia. Polixenes, a victim of Leontes' tragic sin, remembers that "penitent" king (l. 24) king, as he tries to dissuade Camillo from leaving Sicilia.

When we meet Leontes himself, meet him after sixteen years. With Cleomenes' lines to Leontes, which, with their unmisgiving phrasology, testifies to the long penance Leontes has undergone for his sins:

... you have done enough, and have performed
 ... saintlike sorrow. No fault could you make
 ... you have not redeemed, indeed paid down
 ... penance than done trespass. (ll. 1-4, my italics)

Time introduces a problem: Leontes faces a temptation. When he recognizes his "saintlike" sorrow, it wants him now to have issue. There is justification for this temptation (see ll. 24-34), from the viewpoint of the play. But from a larger and a much more important viewpoint, the proposal is sacrilegious. For it involves a violation of the King's oath: "the King shall live without an heir if that should be found." (III.ii.135-137) Here Paulina, acting as a moralist, blows out of the apparently reasonable temptation of this as much through an appeal to faith as through

keeping alive in the mind of Leontes the memory of Hermione's virtue and his sin. And to have his memory kept alive, Leontes needs flagellation; hence Paulina's harsh reminder of his "killing" of Hermione in V.1.15. Clearly, then, death is again brought to the fore as fuel for the suffering.

Not only death, but heirlessness also is made to serve as fuel for the suffering. The court, well-meaning but narrow in vision, tries to have the heirlessness serve as a reason for terminating the suffering. It is an issue with two edges; it puts Leontes to a test. However, with Paulina's effective guidance he comes through it successful. His memories of death and loss help him hold on to his purificatory penance:

Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself, which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroyed the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of. (V.1.6-12)

Śakuntalā

Unlike *The Winter's Tale*, where the tragicomic recognition follows the tragic reversal without an interval, *Śakuntalā*¹¹ shows a belated recognition. A few years elapse between Duṣanta's tragic rejection of Śakuntalā and his recognition of his fault. The latter takes place here off-stage. We do not see Duṣanta in the act of recognizing his tragedy and his own responsibility in it; nor do we hear a detailed report on this act. The entire incident is presented very subtly, through hints. In fact, the name of Śakuntalā is not mentioned even once in the whole *Praveśaka* (introductory scene) to Act VI, the scene dealing with the recognition. The emphasis is laid entirely on the ring, the surrogate of Śakuntalā here. That the ring, for which the Fisherman has been arrested, is the same as the one Śakuntalā lost is clear beyond doubt. The Fisherman informs us that his home is at "the place where Indra descended" (*sakkāvadālavāsi*—0.8). And we know that it is at "Śacī-ford at the place where Indra descended" (*sakkāvadāre sacītitthe*—V.21.6) that the ring, which Duṣanta had given her, slipped off Śakuntalā's finger on her way to his court. Secondly, it is evident that upon its recovery the ring means a great deal

detail. The ring awakens Duṣanta's memory. It re-establishes in his mind the past which slipped off. That is, the ring re-establishes the relation between the past and the present, thereby re-establishing time as a continuum. Now, as long as the past remains unrelated to the present, that is, as long as time does not operate as a continuum, there cannot be any recognition. For recognition presupposes a past and a present. One recognizes only when one re-views a past act in the present. It is true that man lives from one moment to another ; but in order to assume a significance these moments have to be linked together. Memory does this linking. So, memory is indispensable to knowledge or, more properly, self-knowledge, the necessary condition for a meaningful life in time. With his memory blocked, Duṣanta was ignorant of himself. The ring, by releasing the memory, gives him the needed self-knowledge. And since this is self-knowledge with respect to a past act of his, responsible for a tragic catastrophe, it naturally causes remorse. In other words, the necessary self-knowledge or recognition on Duṣanta's part in Śakuntalā necessarily results in suffering.

The suffering of Duṣanta is shown in full in Act VI proper, which is entitled "Separation from Śakuntalā" (Śakuntalāvirahaḥ) in the Bengali recension of the play's text. In the first place, we have the episode in connection with the spring festival prior to Duṣanta's entry in the act, which, so to speak, sets the "scene" (Burkean term¹⁸) for the suffering or passion. In the very opening speech of the act we hear . Miśrakeśi wonder :

Why ... even though the day [of the spring festival] has drawn on to the [astrologically] favorable moment [to begin], does the court seem to have made no preparation for the festival ?

(kim nu kkhu uvatthidakkhaṇe vi diase ṇirūsavārambhaṃ via rāulaṃ dīsadi)
(1.56-57)

As we soon learn from the Chamberlain, the festival has been forbidden by Duṣanta. But "kings are fond of festivals," the heavenly nymph reminds us, "so there must be a weighty reason for this" (ūsavapplā rāaṇo honti | tā guruṇā kāraṇeṇa ettha hoḍavvaṇi—4.8-9). The reason, of course, lies in Duṣanta's remorseful psyche, consequent to his tragicomic recognition in the introductory scene. In his present state of mind, any festival would be naturally unbearable to him. And since this is a special festival, that of spring—the season of rebirth—Duṣanta's motivation is

ticularly understandable. The forbidding of the festival, thus, seems to be a symbolic self-flagellation ; there should be no pleasures in the "act" for the remorseful psyche. Also, this "act" can be seen as a natural extension of the "agent's" mood to the "scene." Duṣanta is suffering ; the "scene" should reflect his suffering. In other words, the suffering itself creates this unfestive "scene." (Perhaps the "scene" can be interpreted "anthropologically" as some sort of a waste land, where the season that reigns is winter, and not spring.) The "agent" and the "scene," thus, suggest a close interrelation ; the "agent" commands the "scene" as much as the "scene," once created, influences the "agent." In Duṣanta who has ordered the continuation of the winter ; but the winter, being continued, is in its turn helping Duṣanta do his penance. In forbidding the observance of the ritual of spring, Duṣanta is performing a different ritual, that of winter. Therefore, Duṣanta's negation of spring has a definite positive value.

With the "scene" set, we see Duṣanta next. Note the stage direction on his entry : he enters "wearing dress suitable for remorse" (*Atiśayasadṛṣaveṣo*—4.7 ; my italics) Note also the Chamberlain's observation of the king as

wearing on his left forearm just one golden bracelet, which is loose (because of his emaciation), his lips inflamed by sighing, his eyes excessively red because of wakefulness from anxious thought.

(... vāmaprakoṣṭhe śleṭhaṃ
bīṣhratkāñcanamekameva valayaṃ śvāsoparaktādharaḥ
cintājāgaraṇapratāmaranayana ... (6)

Clearly, Duṣanta's outward appearance bears evidence to his inward suffering ; it is "remorse" that he primarily displays. Witness the very lines of Duṣanta upon entry, which corroborate what his entrance suggests :

This withered heart of mine, which at first even though awakened by my fawn-eyed beloved slept, now has awakened to the pangs of regret.

(prathamam sārāṅgākṣyā priyayā pratibodhyamānamapi suptam
anuvāyaduḥkhāyedaṃ hatahṛdayam samprati vibuddham) (7)

Moreover, as Duṣanta himself indicates in verses 8 and 9, is counter-

pointed with the advent of spring, the festival of which he has forbidden at his court. Spring is the season of love. Since Duṣanta is separated from Śakuntalā, spring, by aggravating his love for her, is ultimately aggravating his remorse for his tragic rejection of her. The more he feels the absence of Śakuntalā, the intenser he suffers. Thus the loss, which he himself is responsible for, works as fuel for the suffering. And right from his appearance in the act (Act VI) Duṣanta shows an increasing awareness of the loss. There comes a point when he almost lets out an agonized cry :

My darling ! My heart burns with repentance because I abandoned you without reason. Take pity on me and show yourself to me again.

(priye ! akāraṇaparityāgānuśayadagdhalīdayastāvanukampyatāmayaṃ janah pun-
ardarśanena) (14.3-4)

The loss works as constant fuel for the suffering mainly by using the memory. The memory is twofold. On the one hand, Duṣanta remembers Śakuntalā, especially her beauty and her love for him. On the other hand, he remembers his rejection of her. These two strands of the memory, one happy and the other unhappy, are evoked inseparably – the latter follows the former instantaneously on all occasions. The result is doubled suffering. It is natural that the unhappy memory will cause suffering. But the happy memory too, which isolatedly would have caused joy, causes suffering for being juxtaposed with the unhappy memory. It is interesting that Duṣanta, whose memory lapsed at the time of his tragic deed, is now besieged by memory. The point in question then was memory, the point in question now is also memory ; only the significance has entirely changed. It was denied then, now it is affirmed. And the affirmation is an atonement for the denial. Hence Duṣanta's almost ritualistic engagement in the act of remembrance.

This act is highlighted in the painting episode. By painting Śakuntalā (significantly, Duṣanta himself has done the painting), he is trying to keep her memory alive in his mind. Duṣanta says that looking at the painting is his only comfort (see VI.9.8). But when he looks, what happens ? The awareness of the loss and, hence, the suffering are intensified :

Having formerly repulsed my beloved when she appeared before my eyes, but now thinking much of her when she is delineated in a painting, I have passed on the way by a river with abundant water and ... have come to be desirous of a mirage.

(sākṣātpriyāmupagatāmapahāya pūrvam
citrārpitāmahantīmāṃ bahū manyamānaḥ
srotovahāṃ pathi nikāmajalamatītya
jātaḥ ... prañayavānmṛgatṛṇikāyām) (VI.17)

all, looking at the painting is a comfort, for suffering is a comfort for me who has recognized his misdeed. Suffering, as I suggested above, is the purgatorial fire into which the repentant soul willfully leaps.

The mirage metaphor in the above quotation is not just a poetic embellishment. Kālidāsa follows it up with an incident to suggest that such delusion is as much necessary as natural. Looking at the painting Duṣṣanta mistakes the illusory for the real. Through the fantasy he relives the past he has represented on the canvas. He seems to see Akuntalā in front of him in the flesh, pestered by a bee; and he looks out in indignation :

My beloved's lip, red as a bimba-fruit, alluring as the virgin blossoms of a young tree, was drunk by me just tenderly in festivals of love; if, O bee, you bite it, I'll make you prisoner in the hollow of a lotus flower.

(akliṣṭabālatarupallavalobhanīyam
pitaṃ mayā sadayameva ratotsaveṣu
bimbādharāṃ daśasi cetbhramara priyāyā
stvām kārayāmi kamalodarabandhanastham) (VI.22)

This is a re-enactment in the present of a past incident, the bee incident of Act I, with a clear tonal change. The "festivals of love" (ratotsava) Duṣṣanta speaks of here were yet unperformed in the Act I incident. The reason for this change is obvious; Duṣṣanta's role here is a faithful one, which he repudiated in reality and is now trying to attain in fantasy. Like a dream (witness his own reference to "dream"—svapna—VI.24), this hallucination seems to be an act of wish-fulfilment. Wish-fulfilment is not the solution here; it represents an escape mechanism built up by the psyche, which Duṣṣanta must not yield to. He must face the reality squarely, and only thereby atone. Hence the intervention of the Vidūṣaka's interference: "This, you should realize, is a picture" (bho ! cittaṃ khu edaṃ—VI.22.5). And hence also the irony of Duṣṣanta's consequent frustration :

• here I was enjoying the pleasure of seeing her, as if before my eyes, with my heart attached in that, you arousing my memory made my beloved again into a picture.

(darīanasukhamanubhavataḥ sākṣādiva tanmayena hṛdayena
smṛtikāriṇā tvayā me punarepi citṛikṛtā kāntā) (VI.23)

In fact, the whole experience—both the phantasy and its frustration—seems to perform a necessary function. Through a wish-fulfilling re-enactment of the past and a frustrated return to the present, Duṣṇanta feels the loss of Śakuntalā more intensely and so suffers more intensely. And it is suffering that he needs. Significantly, Miśrakeśi's comment aside, "you have by all means atoned for the sorrow caused by your rejection of dear Śakuntalā" (savvadhā vaassa saṃjjidaṃ tae paccādesa-dukkaṃ piassahe sauntalāe paccakkhaṃ jeva sahāṇassa—VI.24.1-2) comes right after this incident.

Duṣṇanta's suffering reaches a climax in the Dhanavṛddhi episode, which deals with the theme of heirlessness. Duṣṇanta's loss has not been merely of a beloved wife, but also of issue. This latter loss is now made home to him by the incident of Dhanavṛddhi's death without leaving an heir. It is worth noting that Duṣṇanta rightaway identifies himself with Dhanavṛddhi. "A childless state is indeed grievous" (kaṣṭhaṃ khalvanapatyātā—VI.24.32),¹⁴ says Duṣṇanta "with dejection" (saviṣādam). Witness also his statement a little later :

Thus ... good fortune which has no support because of the failure of issue, at the death of the last male of the family, passes to a stranger. At my death too this is what will happen to the glory of Puru's line.

(evaṃ ... saṃtativilchedaniravalambanā mūlapuruṣāvasāne sampadaḥ paramupati-
ṣṭhante ' mamāpyante puruṣaśriya eṣa vṛttāntaḥ) (VI. 25.3-4)

But Duṣṇanta's heirlessness is due to his own fault :

Even though my self was implanted within her, my virtuous wife, the support of my family, was abandoned by me, to put it plainly, she who will effect great fruit, like the earth in which seed has been sown at the proper time.

(saṃtropite 'apyātmani dharmapatni
tyaktā mayā nāma kulapraṭiṣṭhā
kalpiṣyamānā mahate phalāya
vasuṃdharā kāla ivoptabijā) (VI.26)

Hence the climactic intensity of the suffering. It is a suffering for the double loss, as in the case of Leontes in *The Winter's Tale*, V.i. Significantly enough, Duṣṇanta does not pay any attention to the maidservant's

that he may be able to beget an heir in any of his other queens, a which values some consideration in a polygamous society and parallels the court's suggestion of remarriage to Leontes. That he does not pay any attention shows that it is not the heirlessness that he is suffering for, but the heirlessness in conjunction with that of Śakuntalā. In other words, the climactic suffering here is the effect of his tragic deed.

The suffering consequent to the tragic reversal in Śakuntalā is in Duṣanta alone. Śakuntalā's suffering is not shown, although there is a hint of a purification on her part too. When we see Śakuntalā in Act VII, she comes to the stage "wearing gray garments" (vasane vāsānā—21a) and "her hair in a single braid" (ekavenīdharā—21b) with her "face drawn by ... religious observances" (niyama-bhūta—21a). Her dress, her hair-do, and her face symbolize, as we recognize, a "vow of separation" (virahavratam—21b, my vow to my husband, which she must have been under all this time since the years elapse between Acts V and VII). The vow might be only a mere social convention; but there is no doubt that Śakuntalā here is very much different from the Śakuntalā of the first five acts. We simply compare Duṣanta's impressions of her in Act I (at his sight) and Act V (at his sight of her with the memory blocked) with his impression here, we see the difference. A change certainly has taken place. The only denomination we can give to this change is purification. In the *Uttararamacarita* Sitā does not show any such change when she appears after twelve years of separation from her husband. Nor does Hermione after her sixteen years' separation from Leontes. And Imogen's separation from Posthumus, it is true, is relatively for a very short time, but what matters is that she also remains unchanged. It is obvious: Sitā or Hermione or Imogen does not need purification.)

What has been purged in Śakuntalā? As Tagore suggests in his ideal interpretation of the play,¹⁶ her mistaken attitude to love, her attitude in taking love as an end in itself outside the claims of duty. Her attitude made under the impact of the earlier union with Duṣanta has been corrected through this long separation from him. So, the religious connotation—of separation that Śakuntalā has undergone—is much more than a mere social convention. In it has been effected the purificatory suffering of Śakuntalā. Tagore uses the word "vow" in allusion to Śakuntalā's "vow," which corroborates

my analogy above between tragicomic and purgatorial suffering. Thus, although Śakuntalā's suffering is not shown, it is subtly hinted. The reason for not showing it seems to be artistic: two simultaneous portrayals of suffering would have been mutually repetitive and thereby uninteresting to the audience. And the reason why Duṣanta's suffering is shown, and not Śakuntalā's, is obvious: after all it was Duṣanta who was immediately responsible for the tragic reversal, although in initial volition Śakuntalā too was responsible. /

Cymbeline

[Before I proceed to discuss the tragicomic suffering in *Cymbeline*, let me make a preliminary observation about its structure. The action of *Cymbeline* is distributed between two closely related plots, both of which have two reversals. The first of these is the story that gives the play its title, the story of King Cymbeline of Britain, the second that of his daughter and son-in-law, Imogen and Posthumus. The second arises out of the first, in which it immerses back in the play's denouement. However, the two-plot action of *Cymbeline* is not as neat as it might sound. There are several points in the play where the two plot-lines intersect—in fact get so intertwined at moments that it becomes hard to keep track of the two. Nevertheless, it will be wise to study the two plots as much separately as possible, for they do tell two different stories, no matter how closely related these stories are.

Although of the two plots, the *Cymbeline*-plot is more basic, its double reversal structure is not as sharply shown as that of the other. The Posthumus-Imogen plot or, as it is usually called, the wager-plot offers a much better comparison with the plots of *The Winter's Tale*, *Śakuntalā*, and *Uttararāmacarita*. In fact, it is primarily because of this second plot that *Cymbeline* justifies its title tragicomedy in our sense. Anyway, some sort of an analogical relationship may be noticed between the two plots: the wager-plot highlights on the private level of two lovers what the *Cymbeline*-plot depicts on a national level.]

As we turn to the wager-plot, we notice that though the tragicomic recognition there does not occur instantaneously with the tragic reversal, as in *The Winter's Tale*, it does not occur belatedly either, as in *Śakuntalā*. When we meet Posthumus in V.1, for the first time after the tragic

Note the religious overtone of both Paulina's prescription and Leontes' resolution (I have italicized the words which have direct religious allusion). Note also Leontes' reference to "shame perpetual," which implies some sort of self-flagellation. Clearly, the suffering that Paulina and Leontes speak of consists in penance; it is purgatorial, or only through penance can a sin be atoned for.

Not only in prescription and resolution, but in execution also the term of this suffering turns out to be quite long: sixteen years. In IV.i Time the Chorus, while bridging up this interval, refers to Leontes' "grieving" as "the effects of his fond jealousies" (l. 18). Time also describes the nature of Leontes' suffering: he is "so grieving That he shuts up himself," (ll. 18-19) which suggests that the suffering is purely internal, a matter of his psyche.

Apart from Time's, there are other allusions to Leontes' off-stage suffering. Camillo, whose guardianship was abused by Leontes, in IV.ii mentions "the penitent king" (ll. 6-7) as a reason for the desire expressed by him to his present master Polixenes to return to Sicilia. Polixenes also, another victim of Leontes' tragic sin, remembers that "penitent" and "reconciled" (l. 24) king, as he tries to dissuade Camillo from leaving Bohemia.

But soon we meet Leontes himself, meet him after sixteen years. Act V opens with Cleomenes' lines to Leontes, which, with their unmistakable religious phraseology, testifies to the long penance Leontes has undergone in atoning for his sins: •

Sir, you have done enough, and have performed
A saintlike sorrow. No fault could you make
Which you have not redeemed, indeed paid down
More penitence than done trespass. (ll. 1-4, my italics)

However, the scene introduces a problem: Leontes faces a temptation. Although his court recognizes his "saintlike" sorrow, it wants him now to marry so that he can have issue. There is justification for this proposal, as Dion elaborates (see ll. 24-34), from the viewpoint of the state's welfare. But from a larger and a much more important viewpoint, which Paulina has, the proposal is sacrilegious. For it involves a disbelieved in Apollo's oracle: "the King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found." (III.ii.135-137) Here Paulina, acting as a prophetess, helps the king out of the apparently reasonable temptation of marriage. She does this as much through an appeal to faith as through

~~to be missing~~

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reverent and not much time has elapsed—the recognition seems to have already occurred and consequent suffering already ensued. Nevertheless, V.i is an important scene ; it confirms the recognition and shows the suffering at its depths. It is interesting to note that this scene counterpoints II.v, where Posthumus' tragic jealousy cried out for "vengeance." Both V.i and II.v are one-soliloquy scenes, displaying the speaker's psyche in full, and conveying his resolutions. In one the hate-theme rules, in the other the love-theme. Thus the passage from II.v to V.i marks a significant transformation in Posthumus' character.

What occupies Posthumus' mind predominantly in V.i is Imogen's death, which he himself has brought about by his tragic action. We know that that death has not actually taken place, but in Posthumus' knowledge it has ; and that is what concerns us here. The "bloody cloth," with an allusion to which the scene opens, is the testimony of that death. And not only is it the testimony, but it also bears the constant memory of that death. In other words, to Posthumus the "bloody cloth" bears the constant memory of his own tragic deed. "I'll keep thee," says Posthumus addressing the cloth, "for I wished / Thou shouldst be colored thus" (ll. 1-2) What does this signify, if not a confirmation of his tragicomic recognition ? The recognition is subtly confirmed also by Posthumus' reference to his sinfulness, to his "faults" and "ills," which he contrasts with Imogen's "wrying but a little." (ll. 8, 14, 5) It may be noted that he still believes in Imogen's guilt, though its magnitude has been considerably reduced. In other words, he does not have to wait for or even need a vindication of her virtue in order to undergo a transformation himself. His recognition is of his own guilt, not of Imogen's virtue. No doubt he sees her superiority ; but that only enhances his feeling about himself, does not occasion it. If Posthumus' recognition of his own guilt had depended on the discovery of Imogen's virtue, then it would have been a mere circumstantial recognition. But here the recognition is much deeper ; it comes from within. It arises out of a faith newly generated, a faith in which true love consists and makes him forgive Imogen.

Naturally, the recognition is accompanied by repentance. One thing is clear at the very outset of the soliloquy : Posthumus wishes his tragic deed undone. The following is a generalized expression of this wish :

You married ones,
 If each of you should take this course, how many

Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little ! (ll. 2-5)

A much more particularized expression is contained in the words that follow :

— O Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands !
No bond but to do just ones. (ll. 5-7)

But Posthumus knows full well that nothing can undo the deed now. Such is the nature of repentance. It is fostered by the knowledge that the deed, which has been done, might as well not have been done. That is, repentance is fostered by the knowledge of the freedom one had while making the choice. Posthumus took "vengeance" by Imogen's death ; but he had the freedom not to do that. He had the freedom, for that matter, not to be jealous or not to lack faith in Imogen in the first place. It is the memory of this freedom that, if not occasions, enhances the repentance.

It does not have to be pointed out that repentance is a form of tragicomic suffering, concomitant to tragicomic recognition. Posthumus' suffering is assisted in V.i by Imogen's memory. The memory here is not a fully worked-out re-enactment, as in *Śakuntalā*. It is subtly aroused through a contrast Posthumus sees between Imogen and himself. To Posthumus Imogen now is a wife "better" than her husband ; she is "noble"(l. 10). Even in her death, which he is now intensely repenting, Posthumus sees her superiority. It is he who deserved death. But compared to her fault, his "faults" were so rank that divine "vengeance" (l. 11) has allotted him endless suffering. Imogen, on the contrary, has been saved :

But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more. You some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own. (ll. 11-16)

It is this image of Imogen, as a darling of the gods, that appeals to Posthumus now. And the closer he looks at the image, the intenser grows

But Posthumus also recognizes the value of this suffering. Just but one line of the preceding quotation : "And make it, to the doers' thrift." (my italics) Clearly, Posthumus knows the nature of the suffering he is undergoing. Hence his zeal for it. He believes the gods have allotted it to him, but only that he may ultimately find redemption. Witness also his faith in divinity : "Do your best wills, / And make blest to follow." (l. 17) Such obedience, such faith, is what one needs to endure suffering. Here there is also hope that issues from

Posthumus' decision, stated in the second half of his soliloquy for Britain, rather than against her, is a clear evidence of Posthumus as a result of tragicomic recognition and suffering. He has been banished from Britain, and Britain's princess has supposedly been killed. No, it would not have been unexpected of him to fight for Britain. In fact, his presence in Cambria is as a member of the army. That he decides on the eve of the battle to join the army is therefore significant.

"Italian weeds" (l. 23) Posthumus has on may be considered as far from his original, Posthumus the Briton. His "Italian" is a remove from his removed identity, will bring him back to his original. But this is no mere sartorial return of the native. Although "Italian weeds" physically meant a remove, in significance they did not. "Italian weeds" suited him, Posthumus the courtier, Posthumus the man. During the tragic reversal. They were in conformity with his original. Thus, the proposed return is in reality a turn, an ascension towards not his Posthumus original, but his Leonatus original. Actually, it is a very important journey. His plan is to put on the "Briton peasant" (l. 24). The last two lines of the soliloquy bring this plan and brings out its significance : "To shame the world, I will begin / The fashion, less without and more more within" is what he himself too lacked. And his projected "put" will correspond to his present "more within," which he has through a recognition of his tragic guilt and consequent suffering. Clearly, then, the act will be that of disrobing ; in conformity with the information, Posthumus will "disrobe" himself of his former courtier and shine in the native potential.

Motivation behind Posthumus' decision to fight for Britain is

I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is every breath a death. And thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. (V.i. 25-29)

It should be noted that Posthumus desires death not for the sake of dying, but for Imogen's Britain, which gives this desire a special meaning. Death here is looked forward to positively, as a justification for life. It is life's creative viewpoint that Posthumus is applying to death, not death's own negative one. Moreover, death seems to him to be a supreme extension of his present tragicomic suffering: "my life / Is every breath a death." He does not make any qualitative distinction between the two, which means death is no less positive to him than suffering. This attitude to death is confirmed by Posthumus' soliloquies in V.iii and V.iv.

In V.iii, after he has proved his mettle as a "Briton peasant," that is, after he has displayed his true self in action, Posthumus expresses disappointment for not dying in the battle:

I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find Death where I did hear him groan.
Nor feel him where he struck. (ll. 68-70)

But now Posthumus changes his strategy. He resumes his Roman guise so that he may be taken prisoner:

... my ransom's death.
On either side I come to spend my breath
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen. (ll. 80-83)

Once again, Posthumus' quest for death, if we may call it so, has a clear purpose. It is motivated not by a necrophilia as such, but by his love for Imogen. It is for Imogen that he wanted to die in the battle; it is for Imogen that now he wants to die as a Roman prisoner. He makes an unmistakable sacrifice here. He knows that Britain would honour him with great glory for his heroism. But with his tragic guilt flagellating him every moment, he feels that he does not deserve any good turn of fortune. He must continue atoning for that guilt, and the supreme way of doing that is through death. Hence the quest.

iv, prior to his vision, Posthumus' quest for death reaches a climax by denominating death as "the sure physician," (l. 7) he seems to be waiting to be delivered. He ends with a prayer :
 post powers, / If you will take this audit, take this life" (ll. 7-8). If we do not look closely, this climactic quest may be misinterpreted as necrophilia. Let us start with the bondage motif. Posthumus feels that the bondage is upon his conscience : "My conscience is fettered / More than my shanks and wrists," (ll. 8-9) and he prays to free his conscience :

You good gods, give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that hold,
 Then, free for ever ! (ll. 9-11)

But this is not enough : "So children temporal fathers do / Who are more full of mercy." (ll. 12-13)¹⁶ True atonement is not enough :

To satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me than my all. (ll. 15-17)

Posthumus' prayer to the gods who "are more full of mercy" : "O dear life take mine" (l. 22). It is clear, therefore, that Posthumus looks upon death as the perfect atonement for his tragic deed. It is not out of any special love for death that his quest for it leads to him ; the supreme suffering through which he can free himself. Freedom is what Posthumus really is in quest for ; death, will give him that freedom.

We should note in this connection that although Posthumus is seeking death, he does not kill himself. The reason is worth considering. It throws light not on Posthumus alone but on the tragic hero in general. To kill oneself under such circumstances one has to take the law of retribution in one's own hands. But Posthumus has placed himself in the hands of the gods ; he has totally resigned his will to them. "I will" (He feels that the way of faith is the way of blessing.) He prays to the gods that he is asking for death. No doubt he joins a battle in which he himself be taken prisoner ; but those actions represent the initiative that he feels he must show in order to invoke the aid of the gods. Finally enough, his plan in V.i to fight for Britain and there-

by seek death is addressed to the gods : "good Heavens / Hear patiently my purpose." (ll. 21-22) He is telling them his purpose with the hope that they will bring it to fruition. And when his pursued purpose—his necessary initiative—brings him to prison, he turns to praying. In spite of his initiative, he is never tempted to find death by taking his own life.

Here we may contrast Posthumus with Othello, Shakespeare's perfect tragic study of jealousy. Othello's recognition of his tragic deed pushes him to suicide. And his suicide is clearly an act of despair, not one of atonement. What it manifests is not self-abnegation, but inverted pride. Its proper place is hell and not purgatory, which is the proper place for the death sought by Posthumus. Othello is not the sole example of the tragic hero who deals death to himself by his own hands. Suicide is possible in tragedies — it is only a possibility there and by no means a necessity—because in tragedies the hero's recognition of his tragic deed, as I have suggested above, is usually incomplete. It is a recognition of the deed and not of the doer ; hence the possibility of despair and thus of self-dealt death. But since tragicomic recognition is complete, the only thing it leads to is *atonement*, even when the latter appears in the form of a death-wish.¹⁷

As we have seen above, Posthumus' recognition and suffering do not depend on whether or not Imogen was guiltless. So, when Imogen's virtue is finally vindicated in V.v by the villain Iachimo himself, now extremely conscience-stricken, the only reaction we see in Posthumus is an intensification of recognition and suffering. He publicly proclaims himself an "Egregious murderer, thief, anything / That's due to all the villains past, in being, / To come !" (ll. 211-213) And not only that, he calls for "cord or knife or poison, / Some upright justicer !" (ll. 213-214) (If upon the vindication of Imogen's virtue Posthumus had attempted to take his life, he would have proved himself a tragic hero like Othello, not a tragicomic hero.) And with recognition and suffering intensified, naturally the loss of Imogen also is felt more intensely :

The temple
Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself ...
O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen ! (ll. 220-227)

In *Cymbeline*, tragicomic recognition and suffering are practically restricted to the wager-plot. The reason why they are practically absent

the Cymbeline-plot may be the fact that its structure is very slight in the double reversal viewpoint. However, Cymbeline's

O my daughter,
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling (V.v. 66-68)

be interpreted as an act of recognition, though a very insignificant one. Besides, it does not lead to any suffering at all, naturally because of the influence of the comic reversal.

Rāmācarita

We have seen that the tragicomic recognition in *The Winter's Tale*, *Śakuntalā*, and *Cymbeline* comes after the tragic deed. Leontes, Duṣṣanta, and Imogen first do the deed and then recognize what they have done. *Rāmācarita* (Rama's Later History)¹⁸ presents a departure here from the usual pattern. The recognition in this play occurs simultaneous with the tragic deed.

Rama recognizes the significance of the banishment of Sītā and his culpability in the act right when he is banishing Sītā. And it is this culpability which motivates his intense suffering during the act. The suffering accompanies the recognition in *The Winter's Tale*, *Śakuntalā*, and *Cymbeline* with a past action. The hero suffers in these plays because he realizes that he has done or did something which he should not have done. But in *Rāmācarita* the hero suffers because he knows that he is doing something terrible which he cannot help doing. Rāma's is the recognition of a wrong choice that he has already made, but of a tragic choice he is faced with. It is the realization of the inevitability of a catastrophe due to a tragic situation, the realization of an absence of choice.

Rāma's tragic act is an act of conscious sacrifice, and it is in this awareness of the sacrifice that Rāma's tragicomic suffering consists. Unlike Titus, and Antiochus in Racine's tragedy *Bérénice*, Rāma has full knowledge of the fact that it will cause an endless suffering. On the physical level, the catastrophe that follows is not only Rāma's but also. But like Racine, Bhavabhūti has minimized the physical catastrophe in his play and has concentrated on the psychological. And then in the double reversal of the play it is Rāma's psychology that he has

No doubt *Sitā* too is in the foreground here as the heroine of the play. But her role is passive. She is primarily the occasion of *Rāma's* psychological suffering. By recognizing that he is responsible for what is happening to *Sitā* on the physical level (her banishment) and by suffering for it intensely, *Rāma* seems here to incorporate in his own suffering *Sitā's* potential suffering also. He fully recognizes that he is not only causing himself a separation from *Sitā*, but he is also causing *Sitā*, whose life consists in his love towards her, a cruel separation from him and even perhaps death away from him. Naturally this doubles his suffering. In other words, *Rāma's* tragicomic recognition lies in the recognition of the tragic situation bringing about his sacrifice of *Sitā*, which in turn brings about *Sitā's* sacrifice of him. Thus *Rāma's* suffering, which is simultaneous with his recognition, contains within it *Sitā's* consequent suffering as well. He is doing both his own weeping and *Sitā's* at the same time. *Bhavabhūti* tackles this very skillfully; he keeps *Sitā* asleep during *Rāma's* tragic act, thus making possible for *Rāma* this suffering within suffering.

What characterizes *Rāma's* pathetic speeches in Act I is remorse. It is remorse, let me repeat, not for what he has done by a moral or "intellectual" error, but for what he cannot help doing. *Rāma* voices this remorse by suggesting to himself an antithesis between *Sitā* and him. *Sitā* is pure; she has "uprisen from the [very] sacrificial ground of the gods" (*devayajanasambhava*—42.1).¹⁹ He, on the contrary, is "detestable" (*atibibhatsakarmā*—44.3), "a savage" (*nṛṣaṃsaḥ*—*ibid*). *Rāma's* reiteration of *Sitā's* purity and his contrasting vileness may be mistaken on the surface for a case of self-pity. But if we look closely into *Rāma's* psyche underlying this pathetic reiteration, we shall see a justification. Through his words, he seems to be symbolically flagellating himself for his action. Unlike *Leontes*, who also goes through a course of flagellation, *Rāma* has no *Paulina* to do the flagellation for him; so, it has to come from himself.

Also, the impossibility of a choice in his tragic situation contributes to this flagellation. Without seeing any divergence in the course of action he can outwardly take, *Rāma*, as it were, divides himself into a public and a private self. The public self does the outward action, his duty as a king; the private self does the inward suffering. And naturally, the more steadfast is the public self's sense of duty (spurred on, as *S. K. Belvalkar* notes,²⁰ by the two off-stage incidents at the end of Act I—the "outrage against a brahmin" and the demon *Lavaṇa's* harassment of hermits), the more intense is the private self's suffering.

the suffering of Rāma, like that of Leontes, continues for a long twelve years. We do not see this suffering; for the twelve years, or sixteen years between the third and fourth acts of *The Winter's Tale* constitute a time-gap in *Uttararāmacarita* between Acts I and II. But there is retrospective evidence. There is an oblique hint of it in Ātreya's allusion in the prelude (Viṣkambhaka) to Act II that Rāma is going to the golden image of Sitā participate in the imminent rites of the home he has undertaken. As a motif, the image here has essentially the function as the painting in *Śakuntalā*, although it is not given any treatment here. Anyway, its mere mention is enough to suggest loyalty to the memory of Sitā during the twelve-year interval. Finally, the mention is made right after Vāsantī's enquiry if Rāma married.

The question of remarriage, we have seen, arises also in *The Tale* and, in a way, in *Śakuntalā* too, and there also the answer is in the memory of the dead or lost wife. Rāma's loyalty to the memory of Sitā suggests his twelve-year-long suffering on account of his loss—the banishment of Sitā. The suffering seems to be hinted also in the observation that although Rāma is harder than adamant, softer than a flower (vajrādapi kaṭhorāṇi mṛdūni kusumādapi — 7a) the hints in the prelude would have remained a vague evidence if not corroborated by Act II proper, where we meet Rāma again after the twelve year interval. The very opening lines of Rāma show how remorseful he is even after such a long time :

Right hand, for the revival of the brahmin's dead son do thou hurl at [this] hostile thy sword ! Thou art a member of Rāma's [body]—[of that Rāma] who it may be sent away Sitā, [although she was] languishing with [the weight of] when she bore. Compassion—how can it be thine ?

(he hosta dakṣiṇa mṛtasya śiśordvijasya
jivātave viṣṭja śūdrāmunaḥ kṛpāṇam
rāmasya gātramasī durvahagarbhakhinna
stūpravāsanapaṭoḥ karuṇā kutaste) (10)

Only alive a memory cannot but suggest a continuous life over the years.

Act II of *Uttararāmacarita* is entitled "Pañcavaṣṭipraveśa" or, as we find it, "Daṇḍakā Revisited." Not that Rāma makes a revisit to the Daṇḍakā forest. He comes there to fulfill a kingly duty—to accept the śūdra ascetic Śambūka and thereby bring back to

life a brahmin's son in his kingdom. Incidentally, the Śambūka episode seems to distantly parallel the episode of Sītā's banishment. Witness the opening stage-direction of the second act (I mean the second act proper, after the prelude) :

Then enters Rāma in his *puṣpaka*, raised sword in hand, and full of compassion. (my italics)

(*tataḥ praviśati puṣpakasthaḥ śaḍayodyatakhadgo rāmaḥ*)

Witness also the opening verse I have already cited. Rāma seems to be divided between a cruel duty and compassion. It is largely the same division in Rāma as the one we have noted in the earlier and the more important episode. As in that episode, his duteous public self here strikes. However, the Śambūka episode resolves happily, which may be taken as a hint that the Sītā episode too is really going to resolve happily. What we are more immediately concerned with here is the fact that Rāma comes to Daṇḍakā in search of Śambūka, without knowing that it is to Daṇḍakā that he has come. He discovers (the regenerated Śambūka tells him) its identity. There is a certain shock in the discovery, for Daṇḍakā is the forest where Rāma spent a part of his exile with Sītā. The discovery means a sudden overflow of memory. Since this overflow is produced by the shock of discovery, the aesthetic justification for keeping Rāma initially unaware of the locale seems clear.

"So, not merely Daṇḍakā, but this is even Janasthāna" (*na kevalaṁ daṇḍakā janasthānamapi*—II.15.3), says Rāma upon a further discovery of the locale. Daṇḍakā is the name of the entire forest, Janasthāna that of a neighbourhood within it, and it is in Janasthāna that Rāma and Sītā stayed during their sojourn in Daṇḍakā. But the discovery of the locale narrows down further : "And even here is that pañcavaṭī" (*atraiva sā pañcavaṭī*—II.25.1). Pañcavaṭī is the specific spot within Janasthāna where Rāma stayed with Sītā. Thus, the locale is discovered to Rāma centripetally, from the circumference to the centre, which is not without a significance. By paralleling the order in which Daṇḍakā, Janasthāna, and Pañcavaṭī first appeared to Rāma's experience when he came to this locale years ago with Sītā, the discovery seems to suggest a reliving of that experience for Rāma. Daṇḍakā supplies the larger scene ; Janasthāna, bordered by the mountain Prasaravaṇa and the river Godāvarī, supplies a more intimate scene ; and finally Pañcavaṭī brings in the most intimate scene, in which every single detail is charged with memory.

The memory evoked by the scene is, in the first place, that of **past happiness**. It does not have to be pointed out that with Sitā Rāma spent **some of the happiest days of their life here**. Naturally, the scene now **brings back** that memory to Rāma's suffering mind. But the memory is **not of a separation, an earlier one**, for it is from this place, during their **life**, that Sitā was abducted by Rāvaṇa. The reference to Khara and **other demons**, all henchmen of Rāvaṇa, at the mention of Daṇḍakā, and **even to Jātāyus**, the virtuous king of birds, in association with Prasravana **points to this latter memory**. However, this memory does not get **dominance**; because there is the memory of a second, and a more recent **and more painful, separation**. This last memory is not immediately related **to the scene**, but the scene arouses it by way of association and contrast. **Rāma remembers** that the other time he was here he was with Sitā; now **he is alone**. And naturally, the more he is reminded of that past happiness, the more intensely he feels his present loneliness. And the more **acutely** he feels his present loneliness, the more deeply he remembers **the abandonment of Sitā**. The outcome is, as we have seen in the case of **Urvashi in Śakuntalā**, doubled suffering. "Than this can anything be **more terrible?**" ("kimataḥ paraṁ bhayānakasya"—II.17.2) says Rāma **recognizing Janasthāna**. And a little later, upon recognition of Pañcavaṭī, **he breaks out :**

What then is this that has today befallen Rāma ? For now—

[like the virulent essence of some poison [dormant hitherto but now] after such a long time diffusing itself all over and causing spasms [of acute pain]—like the splinter of an arrow [imbedded in flesh and smarting now] as when, from some cause or other, it is violently shaken—like a [festering] ulcer overgrown with flesh [on the outside but] bursting open in the very vitals of the heart— even so my [long and so in my] solidified grief [now] unmans me as would a recent [grief].

(1) *bindulamapatitamaya rāmasya | samprati hi*

*cirādvegārambhī prasṛta iva tīvro viṣarasaḥ
kutaścit samvegacalita iva śalyasya śakalaḥ
vraṇo rūḍhagranthiḥ sphuṭita iva hṛmmarmanī punar
ghanibhutaḥ śoko vikalayati māṁ nūtana iva* (II.25.2-3, 26)

Thus the grief, which is twelve years old, is now revived with **added bitterness** under the influence of the memory, evoked by Rāma's "revisit" to **Daṇḍakā**. And the greater is this suffering, the deeper is the **constant pathos** of recognition of Rāma that he is "sinful" (see II.28b), which **points to his atonement** for his tragic deed.

Rāma's suffering in Daṇḍakā reaches a climax in Act III. After paying homage to Agastya (another figure from the past) when he comes back to the scene, his suffering has noticeably increased. We hear him off-stage :

Of the fire of my grief [long] dormant within and now about to blaze forth wildly, this gloom is as it were the column of smoke that, as a precursor [of the coming fire], is now enveloping me.

(antarlinasya duḥkhāgneradyoddāmaṃ jvaliṣyataḥ
utpīḍa iva dhūmasya mohah prāgāvṛnoti mām) (9)

Incidentally, note the metaphor here : the "fire" seems to suggest the purgatorial nature of this grief. The "fire" surely "blazes forth" ; calling upon Sītā,

O queen, dear companion of [my] residence in the Daṇḍakā forest ! Thou daughter of the king of Videha !

(hā devi daṇḍakāranyavāsapriyasakhi ! ha videharājaputri) (9.4)

Rāma goes into a swoon. It may be mentioned here that in Sanskrit theatre the swoon is a stylized posture ; it is suffering turned into a tableau.

Rāma recovers by Sītā's touch, who is invisibly present in the scene. Sītā's invisible presence serves an important dramatic purpose. Rāma feels her touch ; yet he does not see her. The reality of the touch seems to evidence her physical presence ; but the reality of her absence, after his vain search for her, nulls it. What felt real assumes the proportions of a hallucination. What seemed to be a return of Sītā is reduced to a mere wish-fulfilment. The result naturally is a heightened awareness of Sītā's loss and thereby a heightened suffering. By giving an impression of reality for a moment, the touch makes Rāma experience a reunion with her. But by proving illusory the next moment (it is Rāma's impressions that we are concerned with here ; it does not matter that the touch is not actually illusory), the touch drives home to him doubly that she is lost. He has been aware of this loss for twelve years ; Daṇḍakā, with its memories, has considerably aggravated this awareness ; and now this fleeting experience, taking place in the memory-charged scene, carries the awareness to an extreme.

Act III is titled "The Shadow" (Chāyā). Obviously, it is Sītā with

Rāma's experience that the title refers to. The act has two incidents in the beginning when Rāma swoons and is recovered by her touch, and the other towards the end when he swoons again and is recovered by her touch. The first incident I have discussed. The second is a repetition of the first, though intenser in effect. (The reason for this repetition seems to be to suggest an acceleration of Rāma's suffering after the scene (Daṇḍakā-Janasthāna-Pāñcavaṣī) with all its incidents—the young elephant, the peacock, the kadamba tree, the stone and others—has aroused Sitā's memory to the full; after Vāsantī has recovered Rāma for his "cruel" act (the abandonment); after his recovery Rāma has cried out: "Alas, dearest! Thou daughter of Janaka, art thou?" (hā priye jānaki kāsī—29.2) As in the first time, Rāma swoons this time too calling upon Sitā:

Alas, alas, O queen! My heart is bursting asunder; the frame of my body is flying in pieces; all void seems [now] this world to me; an incessant flame [of anguish] from within inflames me; immersed in utter darkness, this lonely soul within me seems to plunge down [in deep despair]; an all-overspreading stupor paralyzes me—
(O miserable wretch that I am, what can I do?)

(hā hā devi sphuṭati hṛdayam dhvaṃsate dehabandhaḥ
śūnyam manye jagadaviratajvālamantarjvalāmi
śīdānandhe tamasi vidhuro majjativantarātmā
viṣvānūmohaḥ sthagāyati katham mandabhāgyaḥ karomi) (39)

Only Sitā's touch, an experience both real and illusory, revives him again. And of course when he is revived, he once again believes that Sitā has returned. This time, however, the belief shows more force, appearing almost like "madness" (41.6) in Vāsantī's eyes. In fact, Rāma seizes Sitā's hand, the touch of which has revived him, though only to lose it the next moment. And with the loss, frustration comes once again. The frustration is enhanced by the Jātāyus incident. At the mere mention of the king of birds Rāma is sent back into the past, only to return to the present a moment later, and return more grief-stricken than before.

In these two incidents in Act III—I mean the two "touch" incidents—Sitā acts as a shadow. A shadow has a dual significance: it exists, and yet it does not exist. (Once again, I am not questioning Sitā's actual, although invisible, presence; I am analyzing Rāma's reaction.) And this duality, I have tried to show above, enhances Rāma's awareness of his predicament and consequently his suffering.

Although in Act VI, where we meet him again after the third act,

Rāma still suffers, his suffering there is considerably lessened by his half recognition of his sons. The act itself is called "Recognition of the Princes" (Kumārapatyabhijñāna), which implies a clear predominance of the comic. Anyway, whatever suffering there is in Act VI, it is occasioned by Kuśa and Lava's recitation from the *Rāmāyaṇa*, Rāma's own story composed by Vālmiki. Their very presence, since they remind him of Sītā, also contributes to this suffering. Kuśa and Lava recite verses dealing with Rāma and Sītā's love, which naturally arouses in Rāma the memory of his wife as well as of his abandonment of her. "Oh," he exclaims, "how tormenting are these affairs of the world — fraught with capricious reverses [of fortune], extremely painful, and all terminating in void phantoms!" (aho niranvayaviparyāsavirasavṛttayo vipralambhaparyavasāyānastāpayanti saṁsāravṛttantāḥ— 32.2-3 ; my italics) It is only with "void phantoms," in other words with disembodied memories, that he is left. No doubt memories of happiness can beguile. The psyche can summon up images from the past and enjoy them for a moment. But images do disappear. And with their disappearance, "the whole world becomes [once more] a void wilderness, and thereafter, as if upon a heap of blazing husks, the heart seems to be broiling" (jagajjirṇāranyaṁ bhavati hi vikalpavyuparame / kukūlānāṁ rāsau tadānu hṛdayaṁ pacyata iva— 38b). Doubly so, because of the momentary enjoyment just had.

1 Northrop Frye in *A Natural Perspective* (New York and London, 1965), p. 73 uses this term for the comic denouement.

2 *Poetics*, XI. Although Ingram Bywater and Kenneth Telford (*Aristotle's Poetics: Translation and Analysis*, Chicago, 1961) render Aristotle's pathos as "suffering," S. H. Butcher's "scene of suffering" seems to be a clearer rendering. G. F. Else (*Aristotle's Poetics: The Argument*, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1963), however, retains pathos itself. Incidentally, C. J. Potts' (*Aristotle on the Art of Fiction*, Cambridge, 1953) translation is "crisis of feeling," which avoids confusion. Confusion is also avoided by Allan H. Gilbert's (*Literary Criticism: Plato to Dryden*, ed. Gilbert, Detroit, 1952, p. 85) "tragic incident."

3 Butcher's translation.

4 See *A Grammar of Motives* in *A Grammar of Motives and A Rhetoric of Motives* (Cleveland and New York, 1962), pp. 38-41.

See *The Idea of a Theater* (Garden City, New York, 1953), pp. 25-53.

I am borrowing this phrase from Swinburne who applied it to *Measure for Measure* in my opinion erroneously. Although I have not included this Shakespearean play in my study, it also is a tragicomedy, though of a slightly different type.

The *Compendium of Tragicomic Poetry* (1601), trans. Allan H. Gilbert, cited in *Literary Criticism*, p. 511; italics mine.

See "The Psychology of Tragic Pleasure," *Tragedy: Modern Essays in Criticism*, ed. Michel and Richard B. Sewall (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1963), p. 389.

For citations from *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* I have used G. B. Harrison, *Complete Works of Shakespeare* (New York, 1952).

The Crown of Life (London, 1947), p. 94.

I have used the Bengali recension of *Śakuntalā* in Richard Pischel's second edition text (Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. 16, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1922). The edition used is M. B. Emeneau's (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1962). In locating the text from *Śakuntalā* as well as *Uttararāmacarita*, I have followed the method employed in the Harvard Oriental Series, except in act numbers where I have used capital instead of lower case roman numerals for the sake of uniformity.

"Abhijñāna" means a "token of recognition." Incidentally, *Abhijñānaśakuntalā* is interpreted as *Abhijñāna-smṛtā-Śakuntalā* (*Śakuntalā* recognized by the token) in the middle component, as often is the case with Sanskrit compounds, dropped.

See Kenneth Burke's dramatistic "pentad" in *A Grammar of Motives*: "act," "agent," "agency," and "purpose."

I have slightly departed here from Emeneau's translation. Emeneau has: "A state is grievous, as I realize." Although the "as I realize" is fully warranted, it would be better to retain the subtlety of the original.

See "Kumārsambhava o Śakuntalā" (*The Birth of the War-God and Śakuntalā*), in *Rabindranath Tagore* (Collected Works of Rabindranath Tagore), V (Calcutta, 1955), p. 11.

I. J. Paulina's statement in *The Winter's Tale*, III.ii.210ff. to the same effect.

It should be made clear that I am not making any comparative evaluation here of tragedy and tragicomedy as dramatic types; I am only analyzing their difference. A tragedy depicts a fall, atonement is naturally outside its scope. But a tragicomedy, on the other hand, depicts both a fall and a redemption; hence the necessity of atonement there.

I have used S. K. Belvalkar's edition of the text (Poona, 1921) and his translation (Harvard Oriental Series, Vol. 21, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1915).

Sītā was not conceived in a human womb; she was found by King Janaka in a furrow. Hence her name ("Sītā" literally means "furrow").

See *Rama's Later History*, trans. Belvalkar, introd., p. lxx(n).

THE VĀLMIKI-RĀMĀYAṆA AND THE RAGHUVAMŚAM :
STYLISTIC STRUCTURE OF ORAL POETRY AS CONTRASTED TO
CLASSICAL POETRY

This paper is a follow-up of an earlier paper by me on a technical analysis of Vālmiki's style, published in the *Journal of American Oriental Society* in 1966.¹ In order to acquaint my present readers with the method of analysis of oral texts, I shall take the liberty of repeating a small part of my earlier paper here.

(Oral composition is structurally different from literary composition. Emanating from two different types of social situation, these are two separate art-forms altogether. In all pre-literary societies oral poetry seems to have developed and flourished. Narrative songs filled up the absence of books, and along with other social rituals, listening to the singer of tales was an important form of general entertainment. All the epics from all over the world possess two common qualities : (a) a common fund of themes, and (b) a common, and distinctly, oral style of composition that is identifiable by a detailed study of the linguistic features.) We are going to take up the last-mentioned quality in this paper.

Great strides have recently been made in the comparative studies of oral epic poetry. After the pioneering works of the Chadwicks,² new avenues have been explored by Bowra,³ Parry,⁴ Lord,⁵ and Kirk⁶ among others. It is to Milman Parry that the world owes the actual technique of analysis now used widely in Homeric studies. It is Parry who finally solved the age-old Homeric question. It is now accepted among Homeric scholars, that the Greek epics had an oral origin.⁷ I have attempted in the paper cited earlier to apply the same technique to Vālmiki-Rāmāyaṇa in order to test the style of composition. (The accepted theory is that the Rāma-story was orally transmitted through generations until a sage named Vālmiki wrote it down,⁸ thus bringing about a literary revolution

producing the first "ornate poem" of India : the *ādikāvya*}. By analysing given text (I have used the Southern Recension, which is considered the oldest) as we get it today, I have tried to examine whether the characteristics are stronger than the *kāvya* qualities.

Now we shall discuss the technique of analysis developed by Parry, and others. (The bard or the oral poet sings for a listening audience. To entertain a constantly changing audience, one must be rapid and skilful. According to Parry and Lord, the bard does not repeat by word a collection of verse. He tells old and well-known stories and rapidly composed verses. This makes the bard not only a poet, but also an oral poet. As Lord puts it, "in a very real sense performance is a separate song ; for every performance is unique."⁸ For this reason, epic poetry tends to have an abundance of "formulas" or "formulaic expressions." Parry defines a "formula" to mean "a group of words which is regularly employed under the same metrical position to express a given essential idea."⁹ Lord defines the "formulaic expression" as "a line or half-line constructed on the pattern of formula."¹⁰ These formulas and formulaic expressions characterise oral poetry when used in bulk. The oral poet "makes no conscious efforts to use the traditional phrases and incidents ; he is forced by the rapidity of composition to use these traditional elements."¹¹ And this is where oral poetry differs from the literary poet's. The literary poet is not bound by the tyrannous time limits of the oral poet, so it is not difficult for him to supply new themes and new forms of expression. While the oral audience is satisfied with the established stories told in the traditional style, the reading public demands novelty. The writer has time to review what he has written, then to polish it and twist it at will to suit the taste of his reader. But whatever the oral poet sings out, is final. Hence the difference in the style of construction. Lord suggests an experiment to distinguish between the two styles. "An oral text will show a predominance of clearly demonstrable formulas with the bulk of the material 'formulaic' and a small number of nonformulaic expressions. A literary text will show a predominance of nonformulaic expressions with some formulaic expressions and very few formulas. The fact that nonformulaic expressions will be found in an oral text proves that some of the literary style are already present in oral style ; and likewise the presence of 'formulas' in literary style indicates its origin in oral style. These 'formulas' are vestigial."¹² /

Another test is that the oral text will yield a predominance of non-

periodic enjambement and the literary text, a predominance of the periodic. A third test is to make a thematic analysis. The oral poet is bound by traditional themes in order to cope with rapid composition.)

Professor Kirk has expanded Parry's thesis and has given some very useful details of the working out of this system. He shows that apart from noun-epithet formulas, there are verbal and adverbial formulas containing ordinary nouns in a variety of cases. The oral poet has at his command "a number of alternative phrases for any given concept, each of slightly different metrical value and corresponding with the main intervals to be filled in the hexameter line, a great part of impromptu versemaking is achieved with the least expenditure of effort."¹³ A formula, Kirk shows, does not have to be a group of words, "even single words have definite formular tendencies since they gravitate strongly to certain positions in the verse according to their metrical value."¹⁴

Parry has noted that in the first 28 lines of the *Iliad* there are at least 25 formulas of one kind or another. Of course, the exacting nature of the Greek hexameter allowed the poet much less freedom than others (e.g., the Russian ballad metre) whereas the śloka-metre is of an exceptionally easy-going, non-exacting and adjusting nature. And the language joins hand with the metre in coming to the rescue of the oral poet. Thanks to the *upasargas*, with the help of *samāsa*, it is easy to increase the number of syllables often without affecting the meaning essentially. Along with the *upasargas* come pronouns like *sarva* and adjectives like *mahā* or *parama*, which serve a similar purpose. Also two-syllabic conjunctions (e.g., *tathā*, *tataḥ*, *tadā*, *atha*, *eva*) and monosyllabic ones too (e.g., *ca*, *hi*, *tu*, *nu*) and auxiliaries like *ha*, *sma* are ample.

In our analysis of the *Bālakāṇḍa* we took five groups of 26 lines and achieved the following results :

- Chart I : 10/26 formulaic
- Chart II : 7/26 formulaic
- Chart III : 8/26 formulaic
- Chart IV : 13·5/26 formulaic
- Chart V : 13/26 formulaic

¹³ The most stable formulas according to Lord are those which "express the names of actors, the main actions, time, and place."¹⁵ The commonest are the name-epithet combinations (Swift-footed Achilles, White-armed Hera, Rāma Rājivalocana, Lakṣmaṇa Lakṣmivardhana). I have

own elsewhere how all these types of formulas have been employed abundantly in the *Bālakāṇḍa*. A corresponding paper on the *Yuddhakāṇḍa* is on its way.

By comparing *Vālmiki-Rāmāyaṇa* with other Western epics I have tried to show that the accepted description of this epic as the first "literary" piece of India may be incorrect, since it contains all the main formal characteristics of a traditional oral epic. However, there is always danger in making stylistic comparisons of oral epic poems only with other oral epic poems, for while they indicate the common elements in such poems, they do not illustrate the distinguishing features of such works vis-a-vis other types of poetry. We have studied the use of formulas and formulaic epithets in the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Vālmiki in the light of similar studies of other oral epics, but unless we contrast the style of the *Vālmiki-Rāmāyaṇa* with that of other Sanskrit poems known to be decidedly "literary," we shall not know which of the stylistic features noted in the *Vālmiki-Rāmāyaṇa* are exclusively oral in the sense of being absent in "literary" texts.

Among the Sanskrit poets, the purely "literary" nature of Kālidāsa has not been disputed, and fortunately for us, in Cantos X-XV of the *Raghuvamśam* the story of Rāma is told. Specifically in Cantos XI and XII the heroic exploits of Rāma are described with considerable overlap in the story element with the *Bālakāṇḍa* and the *Yuddhakāṇḍa* of the *Vālmiki-Rāmāyaṇa*. We report on an attempt to apply the same techniques of analysis used in the two books of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, to Cantos XI and XII of the *Raghuvamśam*. Since, however, the size of these two cantos taken together is incomparably smaller than that of the 77 sargas analysed in each *kāṇḍa* of the *Rāmāyaṇa*, we should not attach undue weight to the mere statistics of numerical repetition of formulas. It should also be mentioned that this study does not claim to be in any sense a satisfactory examination of Kālidāsa's style of composition as such, for it is pointless to study Kālidāsa from an oral point of view for its own sake. Our interest lies only in the contrasting stylistic features of Kālidāsa's Rāma story with that of Vālmiki.

The presence of some formulaic expressions, we have been told, can be expected even in written texts, but they will be infrequent and insignificant in the context of the general style. Indeed, one finds in these cantos some examples of possible formulas but they are remarkably few. If we take the first 25 lines of each of the two cantos and try to underline the repeated words as we have done in the *Rāmāyaṇa*, we get a

miserable picture ; hardly anything is repeated in the body of the two cantos. However, in view of the short length of the two cantos this analysis is not altogether convincing.

It is more promising to examine whether formulaic expressions are used for set themes, as is generally found to be the case in oral epic poetry, and as we observed in the two *kāṇḍas* of the *Vālmiki-Rāmāyaṇa*. For example, we can take the verb "to speak" and see how the expressions corresponding to this are chosen. In the two cantos, the verb "to speak" appears 14 times in various forms : *abravītca* (R.XI.39), *evamāptavacanāt* (R.XI.42), *evamuktavati* (R.XI.79), *nijagāda* (R.XI.70), *vyājahāra* (R.XI.83), *iti vadan* (R.XI.89), *ucivān iti vacaḥ* (R.XI.91), *āha* (R.XII.2), *śamsa* (R.XI.84), *tathetyuktavā* (R.XII.18), *taṁ vabre* (R.XII.33), *ityuktavā* (R.XII.38), *pratyuvāca* (R.XI.41, 85). Only *pratyuvāca* appears twice, and in exactly similar surroundings, thus strongly suggesting a formula (*pratyuvāca tamṣiḥ*+4). Similarly, although *ityuktavā* exists in *tathetyuktavā*, in oral formulaic language they are two different metrical forms. Besides, they are used in completely different metrical circumstances, and therefore are non-formulaic. Hence, among the 14 usages of the verb "to speak" there are only one formulaic repetition and 13 individual varied forms.

On the other hand, of the 5 times that the verb "to hear" occurs, 3 times it is in the same form, *śrūtvā* (R.XII.13, 39, 66), twice appearing in the beginning of a line (R.XII.13, 66) and once in the middle (R.XII.39). The forms *śrūta* (R.XI.22), *śuśrūvān vacanam* (R.XI.51), and *pratiśrūva* (R.XII.69) each occur a single time.

Another common theme is conveyed by the verb "to enter." In our material, *viveśa* is used twice (R.XII.9, 91) in similar metrical conditions ; *aviśat* is used twice also (R.XI.93 ; XII.18) but in different metrical circumstances ; hence even if *viveśa* can be called "formulaic," *aviśat* cannot be so designated. *Praviśya* is used once (R.XII.40).

The verb "to go" appears 8 times : *pratasthire* (R.XI.40), *pratasthe* (R.XII.104), *jagāma* (R.XI.20), *jahau* (R.XII.24), *agamat* (R.XI.18, 56), *nyabartata* (R.XI.57), *gamayitvā* (R.XI.93). The only repeated expression, *agamat*, is not used formulaically.

The themes of lamentation (in R.XII.75, 77, 78) are expressed in different ways, and so are the themes of rejoicing (R.XII.3, 102).

One other common theme, that of salutation, occurs frequently. *Caranayornipetatuh* (R.XI.4), *mātrivargacaranaṣpṛsau* (R.XI.7), *baddhā-pallavapuṣpāñjali[drumam]* (R.XI.23), *praṇāmacalakākopakṣakauḥ* (R.XI.31);

manupadam samasprśad darbhapāṭita talena pāṇinā (R.XI.31), *abhi-
dyat* (R.XI.30, 47), *Rāmapadarajasam-anugrahaḥ* (R.XI.34), *caraṇau
amidheḥ kṣamyatāmiti vadan]* *samasprśat* (R.XI.89) and in a slightly
different context *abhayaṇācanāñjaliḥ* (R.XI.78). Of these, only *abhinandya*
repeated, once, in the same metrical environment. The theme of
killing occurs twice (R.XI.6, 31) and although the word *āśisa* appears
the beginning of the line in both cases they do not fulfill similar
metrical needs.

Since these two cantos describe Rāma's heroic exploits, the number
enemies vanquished by him is very important. In heroic epics, a love
sheer numbers, and long lists of warriors, weapons, and casualties can
ways be observed. These are often described formulaically. Kālidāsa
usually remains above this type of unsophisticated excitement, and pays
little attention to the details of war. However, he has to mention a few
the evil demons that his hero destroys, which he does in a playful
manner : *dirghanidrām praveśita* (R.XII.81), *dvāratam agamat antakasya*
[sa] (R.XI.18), *jiviteśa vasatim jagāma* [sa] (R.XI.20), *aprabodhāya suśvāpa
bhucchāye varūthini* (R.XII.50) etc. Of course, there are more direct
mentions of killing or fatally "felling" the enemies, like *bānabhinnahṛdaya*
[sa] (R.XI.19), *apātayat* (R.XI.28 ; R.XII.99), [sa] *hatvā* (R.XII.58),
[sa] *vinipīṣya* (R.XII.30), or in *Aksavadhoddhata* (R.XII.63), [tam]
[sa] *prāsakalikṛtam* (R.XI.29) *tam* (Dūṣaṇam) *śaraiḥ pratijagrāha* *Khara*
[sa] *ca saḥ* (R.XII.47), *bhitvā hṛdayam* (R.XII.91). Of all these
expressions, only *apātayat* appears twice but under different metrical
conditions. Canto XI has an elegant *Rathoddhata* metre, while Canto XII
in *Anuṣṭup*, so the word *apātayat* has different metrical values in each
canto.

So, Kālidāsa does not use formulas to indicate the theme of killing,
he does he show any fascination for numbers. He never mentions any
either of weapons or of warriors, except the one neat mention of
hero against a thousand enemies in R.XII.45. But that was not the
"main battle" yet. In the "main battle," one does not get the general
feeling of catastrophe, of the immeasurable waste of life, and the giant
body of Laṅkā, that pierces one's sensibilities when reading Vālmiki.
The greatness of a total disaster that one experiences in Vālmiki is absent
in Kālidāsa.

The terrible evil omens that appear before each of the Rākṣasa
as they come out to die in the battle, that so powerfully convey the sense
of cosmic chaos in Vālmiki, do not occur in Kālidāsa's version. But,

we should not think that Kālidāsa was incapable of producing that kind of atmosphere. Because he does strike up a similar tune in Canto XI, when Paraśurāma challenges Rāma evil omens appear showing Paraśurāma's bad luck, and Kālidāsa spends four śloka on this (R.XI.58-61). Only once, in the same canto, the Rākṣasas see a bad omen (R.XI.20) but that is nothing comparable to the omens that confront Paraśurāma. Like everything else in these two cantos, Kālidāsa borrows the signs of evil from Vālmiki's formulaic descriptions, but remoulds them into his own style, and the two descriptions of evil omens here are different from one another.

The use of epithets as nouns is so common in Sanskrit literature that it seems somewhat rash to make clear-cut decisions about formulaic and non-formulaic use of epithets. But one thing that attracts our attention straight away is that in Kālidāsa, unlike in Vālmiki, the *mahā*-epithets are used very sparsely. Epithets always contribute significantly to the sense of the śloka, and they are not used primarily for their metrical value. Hence, noun-epithet formulas, though present, are not overwhelming. *Janakaḥ janeśvara* (R.XI.35), *pārthiva prathitavaṁśajanmanaḥ* (R.XI.38), *salakṣmaṇam Lakṣmaṇāgrajam* (R.XI.91), *śarvariḥ śarvakalpaḥ* (R.XI.93) are used for their sound value, one would tend to think, rather than for their metrical significance, judging from the context. *Lakṣmaṇāgraja* is used twice (R.XI.26, 91), but *Daśarathātmaja* (R.XI.24) and *Bharatāgraja* (R.XI.16) occur once each.

The epithet *kākapakṣadhara* appears three times in three different metrical environments. Epithets of qualifications, like *astrakovidāḥ* (R.XI.28) or *kālavit* (R.XI.37) and epithets of family lineage describing the identity of the persons (e.g. *Tāḍakāśutam*, R.XI.28; *Kuśadhvajāsute*, R.XI.54; *Kuśikavaṁśavardhana*, R.XI.37; *ayonijām*, R.XI.47, 48; *Paulastya*, R.XII.77, 83, 90; *Lañkeśa*, R.XII.84; *Dhanadānujaḥ*, R.XII.88; *Paulastyaśatroḥ*, R.XII.102) are more frequent here than either the stock epithets of the *mahā* category, or the stock animal-metaphors. Although *vṛṣaskandha*¹⁶ occurs in R.XII.39, and *kokilamañjubhāṣiṇīm* (R.XII.39) as opposed to the *śivāghorasvanām* (R.XII.39) are there, animal-metaphors cannot be regarded as Kālidāsa's favourite epithets, especially in the context of men.¹⁷ Vālmiki, like all good old oral epic bards, was much more fond of animal-metaphors, for conveying the valour of his warriors. However, poetic metaphors fascinated Kālidāsa (e.g. *vīcilola bhujayoḥ*, R.XI.8; *baddhapañilavapuṣṇījalidrumam*, R.XII.23; [*śrutvā Rāmaḥ priyodantam mene tatsaṁgamotsukaḥ*] *mahārṇavaparikṣepam*

Lañkāyāḥ parikhālaghum, R.XII.66), while Vālmīki was poetic mostly in his similes. In *Yuddhakāṇḍa*, for example, there is a passage where Vālmīki uses a chain of gruesome metaphors to describe the bloody mess in a battlefield. Some rather beautiful similes float into that hard-hitting barrage of blood-curdling metaphors, and being too delicate to fit into the gory picture, sound peculiarly out of place (VI.58.29, 30, 31, 32).

Kālidāsa's similes, like his metaphors, have acquired a fame of their own in the history of classical Sanskrit literature, and need little discussion. It has also been noted quite often that many of his similes are borrowed from Vālmīki (e.g. *Varuṇavāsavopama*, R.XI.53; *Śrīyamiva*, R.XI.47; *dhanuścendrāyudhaprabham*, R.XI.79; *śaśidivākarāviva*, R.XI.24, 84; *Sūryakāntaiva*, R.XI.21, etc.). Among these two cantos under discussion *śaśidivākarāviva* is the only simile repeated. Even when Kālidāsa used the same comparison, as in XII.32, *vyāliva malayadrūmam*, and in XI.64, *sadvijihva iva candanadrūmah*, the expressions are not similar. In the above case, of course, the meters are so different that the expressions have to differ. There are no repetitions at all except *śaśidivākarāviva*, among the not less than fifty-three similes that one comes across in the two cantos.¹⁸ And some of them are as typically Kālidāsa's as *dhātōḥ mūhāna ivādeśam* (R.XII.58), *nabhonabhasyayoreṣṣimavagraha ivāntare* (R.XII.29), or the more graphic *hṛdayam svayamāyātam vaidehyā iva mūrtimat* (R.XII.64). But these may not be as beautiful as some of the similes and metaphors that come in later in Canto XIII which is surely romantic *kāvya*. The only repeated line that we can lay our hands on in these two cantos, is *Rāghavāya tanayāmayonijām* (R.XI.47, 48) which seems to be deliberately repeated, like the expression *iva nyavedayat* (R.XI.46, 47) the repetition of which also seems consciously rhetorical. This leaves *śaśidivākarāviva* as the only formulaically repeated expression in the two cantos.

Nevertheless, there seem to be a few single words, which are used formulaically, as it were. The word *pratyapadyata*, for example, appears five times in our material, three times in Canto XI (R.XI.34, 79, 88), in exactly similar metrical positions i.e. in the beginning of a line, and twice in Canto XII (R.XII.7, 38) again in similar environments, this time at the end of a line. Such usage can be regarded as formulaic.

Similarly, the epithet *suradviṣām* appears three times, everytime at the end of a line (R.XII.50, 86, 99). Also, the epithet *Paulastya* occurs three times under similar metrical conditions (R.XII.77, 83, 90).

Formerly we have found *pratyuvāca* (R.XI.41, 85), *śrutvā* (R.XII.

91) and *abhinandya* (R.XI.30, 47) each used twice in the same metrical position to express given themes. Now, all these added up together leave us only with seven single-word formulas, as it were, and one formulaic simile.

There are, however, some other expressions here which, though not repeated in the material, seem to echo Vālmiki's formulas; e.g., *anyonya-jayasamrambhaḥ* (R.XII.92), *Vāmanāśramapadam tataḥ param* (R.XI.22), *arthakāmasahitam saparyayā* (R.XI.35), *Vasudhām sasāgarām* (R.XI.86), and *sa dadāha purīm Laṅkāṁ* (R.XII.63), which has a clearly formulaic ring because of its metrical similarity. A meter like *Rathoddhata* presupposes a strong "literary" tradition, and it is not possible to use borrowed formulas in it without making some essential changes. But Canto XII is composed in a relaxed *Anuṣṭup*, hence it has more opportunity of using almost exact borrowals from Vālmiki. The question that arises next is, do we, then, find more formulaic expressions in Canto XII than in the exacting metrical pattern of Canto XI? The answer is, no. Although in Canto XII Kālidāsa uses the same meter and the same themes as Vālmiki does in the *Yuddhakāṇḍa*, there is no real comparison between the two.

First, the formulaic expressions, as we have found, are scarce and insignificant, the language is much too refined. Secondly, the whole approach is lopsided. Kālidāsa's approach is romantic, and not "heroic" as such. He takes no pleasure in describing bloody details, and so skips them whenever possible, and shortens other war incidents impatiently. His details are invariably poetic, and decent. For him beauty is before valour and love is before physical strength. His whole approach is an aesthetic one, and he pays a great deal of attention to erotic details (which he usually invents, such as in R.XII.21-23, 64-66). The only time he seems to enjoy a heroic feat, is when he describes Paraśurāma's defeat, in Canto XI. The complex phenomenon of the rise of a new hero and the concomitant fall of the old one possibly fascinated him. This episode takes place in a court, and not on a battlefield, and the clash is solely on the mental level, physically no one gets hurt. This is within Kālidāsa's real field of interests, i.e., the revelation of the working of the human mind, and all his dramatic talents are utilised to bring about this effect. Even after blocking Paraśurāma's road to heaven, Rāma begs to be excused which is a peculiarly sophisticated moral gesture, and not conventionally heroic.

In Canto XII Kālidāsa's clever, if complicated, metaphorical use of old age being hidden in Daśaratha's grey hair, for fear of Kaikeyī, and

smelling him coming near his ears (temples) is breathtakingly beautiful. Kālidāsa does not spend any time describing Rāma's coronation, etc., goes over that part rather quickly. What holds his attention once more, is the Śūrpanakhā episode, probably for its overtone of romance. In the description of Tāḍakā's death, Kālidāsa introduces a long sexual metaphor (R.XI.20). Whenever there is an opportunity put up a battle of the sexes Kālidāsa grabs it, while with Vālmiki, the battle of accomplished warriors that matters most.

It is to be noted that when Lakṣmaṇa gets hit by the *Śaktiśela*, Kālidāsa's Rāma does not weep and wail over him, lamenting what will come with a mere woman (meaning Sītā) now that his precious brother has died. This is what Vālmiki's Rāma does, with his properly heroic-age values, when male comradeship was a far more significant emotion than attachment to a female. Kālidāsa's more sophisticated Rāma is just heart-broken with grief" (R.XII.77).

There are two descriptions of the battlefield (R.XII.47-50 ; R.XII.82) which are different from the other, and although both the images of the profusion of blood and heaps of headless bodies are borrowed from Vālmiki, they are not nearly as vigorously described. On the other hand, when mentioning how Rāma was showered with flowers by the gods, which Kālidāsa takes from Vālmiki, Kālidāsa goes all out to verify how bees were humming around those celestial flowers (R.XII.102).

Throughout one thing is clear. Kālidāsa's epic is one of romance. Beauty, heroism and valour are touched upon only incidentally. Vālmiki's epic is one of heroic feats and valour and occasional glimpses of beauty can be caught now and then among the gory details, which prevail above all. The cultivated finesse of Kālidāsa's taste always maintains an urbane self-control in the portrayal of the hero who, being the incarnation of a god, attains a quaintly divine stature when battle is concerned, and is passionately human when love is mentioned. Vālmiki's Rāma is overwhelmed by great waves of emotions, heroism, sorrow, love, grief, but before and after it all reigns his unique physical prowess.

It would thus seem that a stylistic comparison of the two texts fully points out the contrast between oral style and literary style by bringing out the distinctive features of each.¹⁹

¹⁹ I am indebted to Professor Sir Harold Bailey and Professor G. S. Kirk of Cambridge, and to Professor A. B. Lord of Harvard, and Professor M. B. Emeneau of University of

California, Berkeley, for giving me personal guidance in this research. I am also thankful to Professor R. K. Das Gupta of Delhi and Reverend Robert Antoine of Jadavpur for encouraging me to continue my present work.

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7 In fact, it is said that the Rāma-tale was born and circulated even before the birth of Rāma !

8 Lord, p. 4.

9 Parry, in *HSCP*, 41, p. 80.

10 Lord, p. 4.

11 *Ibid.*

12 *Ibid.*, p. 130.

13 Kirk, p. 61.

14 *Ibid.*, p. 67.

15 Lord, p. 34.

16 Kālidāsa was rather fond of this epithet it seems, all of us are aware of his famous use of it in connection with King Dilipa in *Raghu*, Canto I.

17 Women, of course, are often likened to animals for their physical beauty. Although not in our material, in other more romantic moments, Sītā is fondly called *Karabhora* or *mygaprekṣiṇī*, by Rāma, as in Canto XIII.

18 R.XI.7, 9, 10, 15, 16, 20, 21, 24, 28, 36, 41, 43, 45, 47, 53, 53, 55, 56, 58, 59, 64, 64, 68, 71, 72, 81, 82, 83, 92.

R.XII.3, 5, 25, 26, 28, 28, 29, 32, 36, 56, 58, 61, 64, 70, 71, 76, 79, 83, 91, 92, 93, 98, 100.

19 The *Raghuvamśam* of Kālidāsa, with the commentary of Mallinātha, ed. Shankar P. Pandit (Bombay, 1872), Part II (Cantos VII-XIII), 317-378. The *Vālmiki Rāmāyaṇa*, Southern Recension (Bombay, 1913).

In V.iv, prior to his vision, Posthumus' quest for death reaches a climax. He begins by denominating death as "the sure physician," (l. 7) for whom he seems to be waiting to be delivered. He ends with a prayer: "and so, great powers, / If you will take this audit, take this life" (ll. 26-27). If we do not look closely, this climactic quest may be misinterpreted as mere necrophilia. Let us start with the bondage motif. Posthumus recognizes that the bondage is upon his conscience: "My conscience, thou art fettered / More than my shanks and wrists." (ll. 8-9) He wants penitence to free his conscience:

You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bold,
Then, free for ever I (ll. 9-11)

But penitence is not enough: "So children temporal fathers do appease. / Gods are more full of mercy." (ll. 12-13)¹⁶ True atonement involves more:

To satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all. (ll. 15-17)

Hence Posthumus' prayer to the gods who "are more full of mercy": "For Imogen's dear life take mine" (l. 22). It is clear, therefore, that Posthumus is looking upon death as the perfect atonement for his tragic guilt. It is not out of any special love for death that his quest for it arises. Death to him is the supreme suffering through which he can free his conscience. Freedom is what Posthumus really is in quest for; death, he feels, will give him that freedom.

We should note in this connection that although Posthumus is looking for death, he does not kill himself. The reason is worth considering; it may throw light not on Posthumus alone but on the tragicomic hero in general. To kill oneself under such circumstances one has to take the law of retribution in one's own hands. But Posthumus has placed himself in the hands of the gods; he has totally resigned his will to divine "wills." (He feels that the way of faith is the way of blessing.) And it is from the gods that he is asking for death. No doubt he joins a war and lets himself be taken prisoner; but those actions represent the necessary initiative that he feels he must show in order to invoke the gods. Significantly enough, his plan in V.i to fight for Britain and there-

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THE DECADE OF YEATS'S IN THE SEVEN WOODS

As sheer poetry, *In the Seven Woods* must yield place to the volumes that followed, *The Green Helmet and Other Poems* and *Responsibilities*, volumes on which T. R. Henn has written admirably well in the recently published collection of essays, *An Honoured Guest*. I have chosen *In the Seven Woods* for the theme of my paper for two reasons principally. First, it belongs to a decade, the first decade of this century, which I find to be a fascinating climacteric of Yeats's creative life. In the second place, the poems of this volume, marking a transition between the poetry of the early phase and the poetry of the middle phase, partake of some of the graces of both phases and therefore, for one who is as unashamed an admirer of the languorous early poetry as he is a confirmed worshipper of the athletic later poetry, this thin volume is a source of rich pleasure.

Let us recall certain facts. *In the Seven Woods*, the seventh volume of poems in the definitive edition (there seems to be almost a magical identity between the number in the title and the number of the volume), appeared in August 1903 as the first book printed in Elizabeth Yeats's Dun Emer Press. The preceding volume of shorter poems was *The Wind Among the Reeds* (1899) and the next one was *The Green Helmet* published by the Cuala Press in 1910. Thus *In the Seven Woods* is the only volume of short lyrics which was published during the decade. Yeats was never a prolific poet, yet a volume to a decade was not quite his rate of production; to Lady Gregory he wrote in 1904: "If some benevolent government would only shut one up in the smoking car of a railway train and send one across the world one would really write two or three dozen lyrics in the year."¹ This creative economy gives a certain importance to this solitary publication of lyrics although the decade witnessed the publication of two narratives—*The Old Age of Queen Maeve* (1903) and

Baile and Aillinn (1903)—and the much-revised and hard-wrought dramatic poem, *The Shadowy Waters* (1906).

Apart from the lyrics, what else kept Yeats occupied during this decade? This is the busiest period of his preoccupation with drama. He was instrumental in the creation of a school of Irish drama during these years, enlisting the services of new writers such as Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn, Lord Dunsany, Padraic Colum and, the greatest of them all, J. M. Synge. In 1902, the Irish National Dramatic Society was organized, with Yeats as the president and Maud Gonne, Douglas Hyde and A. E. as vice-presidents. The Irish Literary Theatre which had given its first performance in 1899 with Edward Martyn's *Heather Field* and Yeats's *Countess Cathleen* (although the Yeats play had been written as early as 1891) found a permanent home in the Abbey Theatre through the benevolence of Annie Horniman; Yeats became a director of the Abbey in October 1906. It was *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* which was on the boards on the opening night of the Abbey on 27 December 1906. Yeats's contribution to rehearsals and the technical minutiae of play-production was always immense and crucial, not overlooking the important cooperation of Florence Farr, the Fay brothers, Robert Gregory, and such actors as Arthur Sinclair, Sarah Allgood and Maire O'Neill. In June 1907, the first performance in the Abbey of *The Playboy of the Western World* led to public hostility of dimensions altogether unparalleled in theatre history of any country. Yeats who was at the time lecturing in Aberdeen, hurried back to Dublin and organized a debate on the play; wearing immaculate evening dress, he faced the audience and made, it has been said by an eye-witness, "one of the most courageous utterances of his life." Mary Colum, then a young student, writes that she "never witnessed a human being fight as Yeats fought that night, nor knew another with so many weapons in the armoury." There is searing passion in Yeats's transmutation of the experience into poetry:

Once, when midnight smote the air,
Eunuchs ran through Hell and met
On every crowded street to stare
Upon great Juan riding by:
Even like these to rail and sweat
Staring upon his sinewy thigh.

(*'On those that hated "The Playboy of the Western World," 1907'*)

Temperamental differences among the members of the Abbey Theatre Company began to grow wide in spite of Yeats's efforts to smooth out matters, and in 1907 the Fay brothers resigned. There was some consolation for Yeats in November 1908 when Mrs Patrick Campbell came down to Dublin to act in *The Player Queen*, an event that distinctly raised Yeats's stature in the theatre world. In retrospect today, Yeats's service through Irish drama to modern drama appears to be of the highest value, which indeed it is, but his occasional moods at the time are memorably concentrated in the well-known lines :

My curse on plays
That have to be set up in fifty ways,
On the day's war with every knave and dolt,
Theatre business, management of men.
(*'The Fascination of What's Difficult'*)

How exasperating theatre business can be, not alone to a passionate impetuous man like Yeats but to a man of equanimity like Shakespeare too, comes out in Hamlet's advice and admonition to the players.

Yeats's rate of composing plays (everyone of which was staged almost as soon as written) during this decade, though not as brisk as Shakespeare's (two five-acters a year), was remarkably vigorous. The first play of the decade was the sensationally effective *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* which was staged on 2 April 1902 with Maud Gonne as the Old Woman ("played it magnificently, and with weird power," wrote Yeats to Lady Gregory in October), the play being published the same year by A. H. Bullen at the Caradoc Press with a dedication to the memory of Griffith's co-worker, William Rooney. The next play, *The Pot of Broth*, was originally given the title *The Beggarmen*, but on 7 September 1902, Yeats wrote to Frank Fay, "I want to alter the title of *The Beggarmen*." At this time, Yeats was also engaged in writing another play, *Where There Is Nothing*; by December 1902, the play was not only completed and sent to A. P. Watt, the literary agent, but, as a letter to Lady Gregory dated 12 December shows, considerably revised immediately after its first publication on 1 November 1902 as a supplement to the *United Irishman*. This play became a bone of contention between Yeats and George Moore. Produced by the London Stage Society under the direction of Harley Granville-Barker at the Lyric Theatre on 26-28 June 1904 (with Thomas Hardy in the audience, as Joseph Hone tells us), *Where There Is Nothing* was afterwards substantially revised and changed,

with the assistance of Lady Gregory, into a five-act prose tragedy called *The Unicorn from the Stars*. The genesis of *The Hour Glass* (originally called *The Fool and the Wise Man*) goes back to 1902; on April 10, Yeats writes to Lady Gregory: "I have a plan for a little religious play in one act." By September, the play had been written and in 1904, *The Hour Glass and Other Plays* was published in New York. Yeats presently was engaged in turning parts of *The Hour Glass* into verse but the poetic version was not completed till 1913. On *Baile's Strand*, originally called *Cuchullain* and completed by January 1903, formed a part of the *In the Seven Woods* volume. The story of *The King's Threshold*, derived from the Blake scholar Edwin J. Ellis's verse drama, *Sancan* (published in 1895), was staged in Dublin on October 8, 1903, but by February 1905, it was partly rewritten, as we gather from a letter to Yeats's American friend, John Quinn. *Deirdre*, the subject of which has attracted so many talented Irish writers, was produced at the Abbey Theatre on November 24, 1906. *The Shadowy Waters*, a poetic play "on which Yeats had worked since he was a boy" (as Allan Wade tells us) was published in the *North American Review* in 1900 and later in the same year in book form by Hodder and Stoughton; Yeats however was engaged in revising it from time to time until a completely revised version was published in 1906, followed by an acting version in 1907. *The Green Helmet* was played at the Abbey in 1908 and in the same year was composed *The Player Queen*. In addition to these eleven plays, Yeats had also during this period written another one-act play, *The Travelling Man* (as his letters to Lady Gregory of December 12 and December 16, 1902 indicate), which was afterwards handed over to Lady Gregory for reasons not known to us and reorganized and rewritten by her to such an extent as to justify publication in 1909 as one of her own plays included in *Seven Short Plays* with a note saying "I owe the Rider's Song and some of the rest to W. B. Yeats." The story of the composition of *Diarmuid and Grania* is somewhat involved.¹ quote Allan Wade's words on this:

The earliest (November 1, 1899) mention of *Diarmuid and Grania*, the play which Yeats and George Moore collaborated in writing for the third and final year of the Irish Literary Theatre. A text of the play, which remained unpublished for many years, was edited by William Becker and printed in the *Dublin Magazine*, April-June 1951. It is evident from this letter that the scenario was not written, as Becker supposed, by Lady Gregory but by the collaborators themselves. Lady Gregory, however, wrote the story of the play for publication in *Samhain*, 1901.²

In November 1899, Yeats and Moore started collaborating on a play on Dermot and Grania, as he wrote to Lily Yeats: "We have got the first draft and have got, as I think, a very powerful plot and arrangement of scenes." In spite of differences of view between the two writers, the play was produced on October 21, 1901 at the Gaiety Theatre.

Lyrical poetry and drama: but Yeats during this decade was also diligently pursuing the other harmony of prose. The important prose publications of the period are: a revised issue of *The Celtic Twilight* (1902), *Ideas of Good and Evil* (1903), *Stories of Red Hanrahan* (1904), *Gods and Fighting Men* (1904), and *Discoveries* (1907). There was a re-issue of the poems of Blake carrying an introductory essay by Yeats; also a selection of the poems of Spenser with an introduction by him; a preface to Douglas Hyde's *Love Songs of Connacht*, the third book published by the Dun Emer Press. Planning a limited edition of William Allingham's poems as one of the publications of Dun Emer Press (the edition was published in November 1905), Yeats wrote to Mrs Allingham: "I have the greatest possible admiration for Mr. Allingham's poetry. I am sometimes inclined to believe that he was my own master in Irish verse, starting me in the way I have gone whether for good or evil."³ In those days, Yeats was contemplating a collected edition of his own works. The first collected edition of his poetry was brought out by George Brett, the head of the Macmillan Company, America: vol. i, *Lyrical Poems* (1906), vol. ii, *Dramatical Poems* (1907). In 1908 came out the *Collected Works* in eight volumes published in the Shakespeare Head edition of A. H. Bullen. A number of letters written to Bullen and his relation Miss Lister on questions concerning the edition testify to Yeats's preoccupation with the work. We find him writing on 8 July 1907 to Bullen: "I withdrew from active work in the Abbey Theatre with the purpose of devoting myself for a year to making a final text of all my books." Two days earlier, he had written to Bullen: "This will be my final text for many years." The edition did not sell well. It was not for nothing that Yeats wrote:

I know what wages beauty gives,
How hard a life her servant lives,
Yet praise the winters gone:
There is not a fool can call me friend,
And I may dine at journey's end
With Landor and with Donne.

('To a Young Beauty')

It was not simply because of the limited popularity and general isolation from current tastes that Landor and Donne too had suffered that Yeats discerned an affinity between himself and the earlier poets but, I think, also because he discovered a deeper affinity of poetic aim and integrity. The collected edition made some critics feel that the poet had indeed arrived at his journey's end. Forrest Reid thought that *The Green Helmet* volume indicated "a marked falling off in both inspiration and expression"—the possibilities of imperceptive criticism are indeed endless!—and C. L. Wrenn, one of the earliest among Yeats's numerous academic critics, found even in *Responsibilities* "the work of a tired man fighting for lost causes and ideas."

To complete the picture of Yeats as he was during this decade, let us remember a few more facts. His mother died in 1900. And Maud Gonne married Major John Macbride in Paris in 1903. In two years' time she separated from her husband, became a Roman Catholic, and obtained legal sanction of the separation after a contest. As Jeffares says, "Deeply sympathetic, he aided her in her new troubles, unselfishly proving his friendship for her." Early in 1904, he was in the States on a financially profitable lecture tour and was rather worried about a suggestion of his sisters that he should provide the funds for their projected Cuala Industries. During this decade he made a number of new friends or strengthened relations with old friends: Lady Gregory, John Synge, Annie Horniman, Gordon Craig, the Fay brothers, Arnold Dolmetsch, Lord Dunsany, William Rothenstein (through whom he came to know Rabindranath Tagore early in the next decade) and the Irish-American lawyer John Quinn. He developed a new interest, the art of speaking to the psalter, which was an offshoot of his firm faith in poetic drama. In March 1909, Synge died; in July, Yeats published his friend's *Poems and Translations*. Next year in August, he was awarded a Civil List pension of £150/-; George Pollexfen died in September, and in December was published *The Green Helmet and Other Poems*, marking a renewal of his lyrical energy.

The decade, the busiest in Yeats's life, packed with a number of events and experiences, is crucial in the development of Yeats's poetry. From beginning to end an Irish poet, Yeats comes to define Irishism precisely and realistically during this decade, a definition that seems to me unquestionably the consequence of the replacement of his book-derived ideas about the Irish tradition by a rough-and-tumble knowledge of actual Irish character that came to him in course of the scores of

country trips he had made in the company of Maud Gonne and in course of "this theatre business, management of men." To the editor of *The Gael* (New York) in December 1899, Yeats wrote: "Many people do not recognize that I have always written as an Irish writer and with Ireland in my mind." Yeats's Irishism is now generally admitted by intelligent readers who have outgrown the attitude of the critics from the *fin-de-siècle* to the first World War, critics who considered poems on Oisín and Aengus and Cúchulain and Fergus a pleasant extension of traditional byways of exotic subject-matter in English poetry. Yet, it seems to me, there is a certain flaw in our recognition of Yeats's Irishism by which most critics (consider, for instance, the fine first chapter on "the Background" in A. G. Stock's *Yeats: His Poetry and Thought*) understand little more than his response to the peasantry and the patriotic concerns of Ireland. No doubt the landscape, the peasantry, the political history, the religious groups of Ireland, its rich heritage of legends and its supernaturalist beliefs, provide the materials out of which the Yeats poetry is made, nevertheless, it seems to me essential that we recognize the literary lineage of Yeats, his Irish lineage. The fact that Yeats wrote in the English language, that English was his mother tongue, makes him no more than Burns or Robert Frost a poet of the English tradition. Rudraṭa and Jayadeva both wrote in Sanskrit but the sources of their creative inspiration were different. Yeats recognized spiritual affinity with Spenser, Blake, Shelley and William Morris; he was well-read in and he made some highly perceptive observations on Chaucer, Donne, the Great Romantics, Browning and Tennyson, but in craft as well as in theme, he belonged essentially to the tradition of Anglo-Irish poetry. It was not a rich tradition nor was it hoary by any means. Till the close of the eighteenth century, Irish writers deliberately divested themselves of their Irish distinctiveness; a Goldsmith or a Tom Moor is in no way to be distinguished from a Henry Mackenzie or a Thomas Campbell. The next phase of poetry from the Irish point of view was hardly better. In the words of Andrew Malone, "From the days of Thomas Davis and the Young Irelanders of the 1840's Irish poetry had consisted mainly of politics in verse."⁴ Yeats himself writes in his dedication in *Early Poems and Stories* (Macmillan ed. 1925): "The Irish form of Victorian rhetoric had extravagance that offended all educated minds." In a letter to John Quinn (15 February 1905), he makes some sharp comments on some earlier Irish poets:

Irish national literature, though it has produced many fine ballads and many novels written in the objective spirit of a ballad, has never produced an artistic personality in the modern sense of the word. Tom Moor was merely an incarnate social ambition. And Clarence Mangan differed merely from the impersonal ballad writers about him in being miserable. He was not a personality as Edgar Poe was. He had not thought out or felt out a looking at the world peculiar to himself.... Synge is invaluable to us because he has that kind of intense narrow personality which necessarily raises the whole issue.⁵

What, for Yeats, constituted the authentic tradition of Irish poetry is firmly brought out in a list of thirty books drawn by him and published in *The Daily Express*, February 27, 1895. It includes works of fiction by Maria Edgeworth, William Carleton, Samuel Lover, Charles Lever, Emily Lawless and Standish O'Grady; folk lore and bardic tales by Standish O'Grady and Douglas Hyde; works of history by O'Grady; poetry by Sir Samuel Ferguson, William Allingham, Katherine Tynan. Of Ferguson Yeats wrote to Katherine Tynan in February 1888: "I read Ferguson almost every evening for a short while." Reading the *Times* obituary on Ferguson, William Allingham made the following entry in his diary:

Not one word or hint of his poetry or other writings. Truly, the union between England and Ireland is not made of flesh and blood, but of the harsh material of politics and economics.... Even as a subject of intellectual interest or curiosity Ireland has a very small share of England's attention. The songs, stories, and plays on Irish subjects, written to amuse England, have had their success, but no more of the kind are wanted, and no other kind is marketable.... No London paper speaks of Ferguson as a Man of Letters.⁶

Such were the feelings of Allingham, a good poet in his way, a close friend of several Victorian authors including Carlyle, Tennyson and Browning. Quite understandably, the Irish youth of Yeats's generation anxiously looked about for a native literary tradition. From Ferguson Yeats inherited a sensitiveness to Gaelic myths of ancient Eire, a knowledge of a variety of heroic poetry (and therefore necessarily of heroic ideals) other than that enshrined in the Greco-Roman tradition. He had also found in a lesser poet's work, Aubrey de Vere's *The Foray of Queen Maeve* (1882), another example of the growing preoccupation in the country with its ancient ideals. With Allingham, Yeats's affinity was of a different kind, an affinity not of themes but of lyrical temper, of a sense of elusive and almost fragile graces. I have already quoted above Yeats's acknowledgment of admiration for Allingham's poetry: "I am

sometimes inclined to believe that he was my own master in Irish verse." The temper of poems such as 'The Western Wind blows free and far,' 'Up the airy mountain, / Down the rushy glen,' 'A fair witch crept to a young man's side, / And he kiss'd her and took her for his bride' and quite a few others that occur in the Golden Treasury selections from Allingham's poetry, suggests a delicacy of touch and (perhaps more important than even that a graceful employment of the trimeter and the tetrameter, a feeling for cadence that will not sound unfamiliar to the Yeats-reader. In the nineties, Yeats claimed in a letter to the editor of the *United Ireland* "community in the treatment of Irish subjects after an Irish fashion," community with Davis, Mangan and Ferguson. On 2 March 1897, he wrote to Katherine Tynan: "People will go to English poetry for 'literary poetry' but will look to a book like your collection for a new flavour as of fresh-turned mould. Davis, Ferguson, Allingham, Mangan, and Moore should be your mainstay, and every poem that shows English influence in any marked way should be rejected." (italics mine) Yeats was advising his friend on a collection of 'Irish Love Songs' that she was preparing.

This was the first phase of Yeats's poetic Irishism. The expert's assessment of Yeats's achievement in the treatment of Irish heroic legends can be found in Dorothy M. Hoare's study of *The Works of Morris and Yeats in Relation to Early Saga Literature* :

In their literary work both Morris and Yeats deliberately turned away from the problem which as artists they might have dealt with ; they turned from life to a contemplation of a record of it. In their poetry life is denied, and this all the more strikingly since in actual life both Morris and Yeats were in close contact with some of its harsher experiences. Morris was much concerned with the problem of social conditions in London, and Yeats worked in the midst of the faction and political unrest of the Ireland of the 'nineties.⁷

Miss Hoare arrives at this assessment after a close examination of Yeats's romanticising of Irish legends in poems and plays till 1905 in particular. Discussing the possibilities of rendering these old legends into modern poetry, John Eglinton makes a sensible remark :

These [ancient legends] ... obstinately refuse to be taken up out of their old environment and be transplanted into the world of modern sympathies. The proper mode of treating them is a secret lost with the subjects themselves.⁸

In regard to this romantic falsification of the legends Miss Hoare has another shrewd remark to offer :

It is curious that at the time when the political situation was acute, the time of the Land League, the Phoenix Park murders, of Parnell's impassioned speeches, none of the actual situations creep in, unless by occasional allusion, to the writings of the period. From the present situation they turn away, to the contemplation of what they imagined the Golden Age of ancient Ireland to have been.⁹

The decade of *In the Seven Woods*, I suggest, marks the second phase of Yeats's Irishism, the phase when he acquired a truer knowledge and a firmer grip of the reality of Irish life, knowledge and grip which, I have also suggested above, ensued from two sets of experience, first, his peregrinations from one part of the country to another, accompanying Maud Gonne on her political tours, and second, his close contact with the theatre-going public of Dublin. Already on 22 January 1898, he was advising George Russell (A.E.): "Remember always that now you are face to face with Ireland, its tragedy and its poverty, and if we would express Ireland we must know her to the heart and in all her moods." On 14 May 1903, he writes to Russell: "I think I mistook for a permanent phase of the world what was only a preparation. The close of the last century was full of a strange desire to get out of form, to get some kind of disembodied beauty, and now it seems to me the contrary impulse has come." Yeats refers in this letter to *Ideas of Good and Evil*; the next day he writes to John Quinn on the same book: "I feel that much of it is out of my present mood; that it is *true, but no longer true for me.*" (*italics mine*) Some idea of this other Ireland, the Ireland of tragedy and poverty rather than a dream-laden Innisfree, had already struck Yeats as he read Irish verse further back from the nineteenth century Anglicised poets. In the *Daily Express* letter referred to above, he advises the "reader new to Irish poetry ... to search for the best Irish verse through old ballad books," ballads, for example, of Egan O'Rahilly, Owen Roe O'Sullivan, Arthur O'Neill, Antony O'Raftery, or Michael and Ackland Keane.¹⁰ Yeats's own ballads are of great significance in the development of his art. During the decade of *In the Seven Woods*, Yeats speaks again and again of his resolve to prune his verse of vague diction.

(To Fiona Macleod, November 1901) I have an advantage over you in having a very fierce nation to write for. I have to make everything very hard and clear, as it were.

(To Mrs Patrick Campbell, November 1901) This is exactly what I am trying to do in writing, to express myself without waste, without emphasis.

(To George Russell—A.E.— April 1904) In my *Land of Heart's Desire*, and in some of my lyric verse of that time, there is an exaggeration of sentiment and sentimental beauty which I have come to think unmanly.... I have been fighting the prevailing decadence for years, and have just got it under foot in my own heart— it is sentiment and sentimental sadness, a womanish introspection.... As so often happens with a thing one has been tempted by and is still a little tempted by, I am roused by it to a kind of frenzied hatred which is quite out of my control. Beardsley exasperated some people in this way but he has never the form of decadence that tempted me and so I am not unjust to him, but I cannot probably be quite just to any poetry that speaks to me with the sweet insinuating feminine voice of the dwellers in that country of shadows and hollow images. I have dwelt there too long not to dread all that comes out of it.... I fled from some of this new verse you have gathered as from much verse of our day, knowing that I fled that water and that breath.... Let us have no emotions, however abstract, in which there is not an athletic joy. (*italics mine*)

(To Arthur Symonds, 10 September 1905) *The King's Threshold* has been changed and rehearsed and then changed again and so on, till I have got it as I believe a perfectly articulate stage play. I have learned a great deal about poetry generally in the process, and one thing I am now quite sure of is that all the finest poetry comes logically out of the fundamental action, and that the error of late periods like this is to believe that some things are inherently poetical, and to try and pull them on to the scene at every moment. It is just these seeming inherently poetical things that wear out.

There is a great deal of fundamental poetics in these extracts and indeed in a number of the letters and of course in the essays that Yeats wrote during this decade. Edmund Dulac recommends that we view Yeats as without the *Twilight*. As a source of poetic inspiration, there was nothing wrong with the *Celtic Twilight*, if by *Twilight* we understand a certain sensibility and faith that enables the imagination of a people to glide in and out of a non-corporeal world. What the people of Connaught or Galway or the Aran Islands could believe as a matter of native intelligence, Yeats had self-consciously to absorb by a life-long pursuit of hermetical doctrines, but whatever the process, the ultimate fact remains that he believed in the emotive, intellective and even the physical reality of the world of Irish legends. And he believed in them because they resolved the tension of his aesthetic instincts and needs with objective correlatives or, what Wordsworth more felicitously called "frame of outward life" wherewith

I might endue, might fix in a visible home
Some portion of those phantoms of conceit
That had been floating loose about so long.

(*Prelude*, I, 129-131)

To Florence Farr he wrote (7 October 1907), "Astrology grows more and more wonderful everyday.... I am hoping to find in the aspects a basis for evocations which is really what interests me." (italics mine) To Dora Sigerson (January 21, 1899): "I have worked at Irish mythology and filled a great many pages of notes ... for my own purposes, and now I find I have a rich background for whatever I want to do and endless symbols to my hands." (italics mine) The attitude is in tune with that of the poem that came later :

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat.
(*'A Coat'*)

His Indian interests are a part of this image-seeking temper. "For the moment," he said, "I associated early Christian Ireland with India."¹¹ To William Horton, a fellow-mystic and an artist, he wrote in 1896, "The Christ who has moved the world was half Indian half Greek in temper." There is no need to question the sincerity of Yeats's beliefs, whatever our own beliefs may be and even though most of us are miserably ignorant of hermetic beliefs. The poet's friend Edmund Dulac has wise words on the matter :

Astrological charts, occult figures, unutterable formulae : all symbols in which he put a considerable amount of faith. Yet not the unreasoned belief, half-ignorance, half self-delusion, of the mystery-merchant who takes them at their face value.

To him they were an expression of man's desire for evidence of some sort of order in the world, the synthetic interpretation of the unknown, inexpressible laws, the hands of the watch that tell the time but cannot tell us what Time is. Signs round which he crystallized certain obscure emotions to give them a meaning as the artist uses the precision of a shape to crystallize an undefinable mood. Algebra, sines, cosines, the square of minus one : also points of emotional fixation. Let the mathematician have his fun with them. He is a rational, practical man. But when we have gaped in wonder watching him reduce universal laws to a series of emotions, he sends us away empty handed. Yeats played with trines and squares, Trees of Life, gyres and cones, and we go away with a bagful of rich and precious things.¹²

It is in the context of this quest for order that we should consider Yeats's repeated interest in what he thought to be Indian ideas and values, an interest out of which welled up some fine poems such as 'Mohini Chatterjee' and 'Meru' and the uncollected verses that begin,

Queens that have laughed to set the world at ease,
 Kings that have cried, "I am great Alexander
 Or Caesar come again."¹³

It is then in the decade of *In the Seven Woods* that Yeats's Irishism acquires a *terra firma* to stand on. There is no radical change in the sources of his poetic inspiration, love and Ireland, and both undergo a clarification of vision, a sense of tragedy inherent in life, in this decade and both begin to be 'made' into (in the Scottish meaning of the work of the 'makar') terse and firm poetry. The change that comes over Yeats's poetry from this decade on is a change of modified Irishism which I have discussed above and also of verbal technique. The unique diction of Yeats comes now into being. The birth of this diction, it seems to me, should be traced to his concern with drama during this decade. The theatre requires a verbal style of special hardness and precision, a firmness of lineaments, which the earlier poetry lacked. This firmness Yeats found in the language of Irish peasants. "To express myself without waste, without emphasis," as he says, became his constant labour, and, as he says again, "I spoke of style and the painful labour that all style is." The letters that he wrote during this decade are full of comments on diction suitable for drama and, presently, suitable also for his kind of verse. Discussing one of Padraic Colum's plays he says (15 February 1905): "Unlike Synge's and Lady Gregory's his is the dialect of a non-Irish-speaking district. In addition to a certain number of phrases containing Gaelic construction there are quantities of phrases out of the school reading books and out of newspapers.... There is a certain amount too of the pompous English of the hedge-schoolmaster days." He admires Lady Gregory's English which "never goes very far from the idioms of the country people."¹⁴ This style of English, facetiously called Kiltartan by Lady Gregory, is thus described by Yeats:

The Anglo-Irish idiom is a form of English modified by Gaelic habits of thought, speech, imagery and syntax; the words and meanings are English but the word-order corresponds to the word-order of Gaelic.¹⁵

The English idiom of the Irish-speaking people of the West is the only good English spoken by any large number of Irish people today and we must found good literature on a living speech.¹⁶

Although Yeats says in *Our Irish Theatre* that he "was the first to use the Irish idiom as it is spoken with intention and belief in it,"¹⁷ and although it was he who advised Synge to live in the Aran Islands

for the sake of the spoken idiom there, it was from Synge that he learnt the life-giving power of the idiom. "I did not see, until Synge began to write, that we must renounce the deliberate creation of a Holy City in the imagination and express the individual."¹⁸ Yeats's admiration for Synge was great, justifiably so, for Synge was the initiator and consummate practitioner of the finest dramatic prose since the Elizabethan days. If Yeats's own dramatic prose is not just as powerful as his friend's, it lent itself however to an extraordinarily effective use in poetry. In coming down from the lofty perch of the Holy City of the Imagination to the ground level face to face with Ireland, its tragedy and its poverty, its passion and its humour, in abjuring "the sweet insinuating feminine voice of the dwellers in that country of shadows and hollow images," in shedding off the coat of embroideries in order to walk naked, Yeats emerged from Romantic Ireland to the Ireland that is. And in building a new poetry on the foundation of this new Ireland, Yeats needed an adequate idiom. That idiom he found in his theatre business, aided and stimulated by Lady Gregory and Synge. Yeats's achievement in the lyric during the decade of *In the Seven Woods* is not high or impeccable but what he achieves now leads to greater and yet greater achievements in the decades that follow.

1 *The Letters of W. B. Yeats*, ed. Allan Wade (London, 1954), p. 427.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 326n.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 446.

4 *The Irish Drama* (London, 1929), p. 32.

5 *Letters*, pp. 447-48.

6 *William Allingham: A Diary*, p. 348.

7 Pp. 143-144.

8 *Literary Ideals in Ireland* (London, 1899), p. 11.

9 *Op. cit.*, p. 86.

10 Since this paper was written, John Holloway's essay, "Yeats and Penal Age" has been published in the Spring 1966 Number of the *Critical Quarterly*; this is a competent treatment of Yeats's poetic affiliations with Irish balladists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

11 *Variorum* edn., p. 837.

12 "Without the Twilight," *Scattering Branches*, pp. 139-40.

13 *Letters*, p. 534.

14 *Ibid.*, p. 354.

15 *Synge and the Irish Drama*, p. 38.

16 *Plays and Controversies*, p. 28; italics mine.

17 P. 124.

18 *Autobiographies*, p. 64.

WORKS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE : ENGLISH

Compiled by PULINBHARI SEN *and* SOBHANLAL GANGULI

edited by JAGADINDRA BHAUMIK

IN THE CONTENTS, with regard to the poetry volumes, the first line shows the first line of the poem in English with its title where there is one, and the second line shows the first line of the corresponding piece in Bengali with its title again where there is one. The title of the volume where the poem occurs is given against each line on the right.

With regard to the prose volumes, the corresponding title of a piece in Bengali is also given followed by the title of the book in which it occurs. All the short stories are now to be found in one collected edition, *Galpaguchchha*; this has not been indicated separately against each short story.

As Tagore points out in his preface to *THE GARDENER*, his "translations are not always literal—the originals being sometimes abridged and sometimes paraphrased". In fact, on occasions, he has used more than one poem for a single translation. All this renders identification of the originals difficult in some cases, and the compilers will be grateful if imperfections in this respect, or otherwise, are brought to their notice.

Measurements are in inches.

1

GITANJALI [in red] / (SONG OFFERINGS) / BY / RABINDRANATH TAGORE /
A COLLECTION OF PROSE TRANSLATIONS MADE / BY THE AUTHOR FROM
THE / ORIGINAL BENGALI / WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY / W. B. YEATS /
Decoration [in red] / LONDON / PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS FOR /
THE INDIA SOCIETY / 1912

8 $\frac{7}{8}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$; pp. xvi, 64 : comprising a blank leaf, pp [i-ii] title, notice of copyright and bibliographical note "Seven hundred and fifty copies of this edition have been printed for the INDIA SOCIETY of which two hundred and fifty copies only are for sale" on verso, pp. [iii-iv] ; dedication "To William Rothenstein", verso blank, pp. [v-vi] ; introduction, pp. vii-xvi ; text, pp. 1-59 ; publisher's note regarding the original Bengali poems, p. [60] ; index of first words, pp. 61-64, p. 61 numbered at foot ; imprint "Chiswick Press : Printed by Charles Whittingham and Co., Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London" at foot of p. 64 ; frontispiece portrait of Rabindranath Tagore, from a drawing (1912) by Rothenstein.

Issued in cloth, some copies in vellum, lettered in gold on front cover and on spine. All edges untrimmed. Initial letter of each poem and of the introduction printed in red.

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12. The time that my journey takes is long
Anek kāler yātrā āmār
13. The song that I came to sing remains unsung
Hethā ye gāngāite āsā āmār
14. My desires are many and my cry is pitiful
Āmi bahu bāsanāy prānpane chāi
15. I am here to sing thee songs
Āmi hethāy thāki śudhu gāite tomār gān
16. I have had my invitation
Jagate ānandayajne āmār nimantrana
17. I am only waiting for love
Premer hāte dharā deba
18. Clouds heap upon clouds
Megher pare megh jamechhe
19. If thou speakest not I will fill my heart
Ogo mauna, nā yadi kao
20. On the day when the lotus bloomed
Yedin phuṭa kamal
21. I must launch out my boat
Ebār bhāsiye dite habe āmār ei tari
22. In the deep shadows of the rainy July
Āji śrābana ghana gahana mohe
23. Art thou abroad on this stormy night
Āji jhaḍer rāte tomār abhisār
24. If the day is done, if birds sing no more
Dibas yadi sānga hala nā yadi gāhe pākhi

25. In the night of weariness let me give myself up
Mājhe mājhe kabhu yabe abasād āsi *Naivedya*
26. He came and sat by my side
Se ye pāse ese basechhila *Gitānjali*
27. Light, oh where is the light
Kothāy ālo kothāy ore ālo *Gitānjali*
28. Obstinate are the trammels
Jaḍāye āchhe bādhā *Gitānjali*
29. He whom I enclose with my name is weeping
Āmār nāmṭā diye dḥeke rākhi yāre *Gitānjali*
30. I came out alone on my way
Eklā āmi bāhir halem *Gitānjali*
31. Prisoner, tell me, who was it
Bandi : Bandi, tore ke bendhechhe *Kheyā*
32. By all means they try to hold me secure
Saṁsārete ār yāhārā āmāy bhālobāse *Gitānjali*
33. When it was day they came into my house
Tārā diner belā esechhila *Gitānjali*
34. Let only that little be left of me
Tomāy āmār prabhu kore rākhi *Gitānjali*
35. Where the mind is without fear
Chitta yeth ābhayaśunya *Naivedya*
36. This my prayer to thee, my lord
Taba kāchhe ei mor śesh nivedan *Naivedya*
37. I thought that my voyage had come to its end
Bhebechhinu mane yā habār tāri śeshe *Gitānjali*
38. That I want thee, only thee
Chāi go āmi tomāre chāi *Gitānjali*
39. When the heart is hard and parched up
Jivana yakhana śukāye yāy *Gitānjali*
40. The rain has held back for days and days
Dirghakāl anāvrishṭi ati dirghakāl *Naivedya*
41. Where dost thou stand behind them all
Prachchhanna : Kothā chhāyār kone dāṇḍiye tumi *Kheyā*
42. Early in the day it was whispered
Kathā chhila ek tarite kebal tumi āmi *Gitānjali*
43. The day was when I did not keep myself
Takhan karini nāth kona āyojan *Naivedya*

44. This is my delight, thus to wait and watch
Āmār ei path-chāoyātei ānanda *Gitānjali*
45. Have you not heard his silent steps
Torā śunis ni ki śunis ni tār pāyer dhvani *Gitānjali*
46. I know not from what distant time
Āmār milan lāgi tumi *Gitānjali*
47. The night is nearly spent waiting for him
Jagaran : Path cheye to kāṭlo niśi *Kheyā*
48. The morning sea of silence broke into ripples
Nirudyam : Takhan ākāśtale dheu tulechhe *Kheyā*
49. You came down from your throne
Taba simhāsaner āsan hote ele tumi neme *Gitānjali*
50. I had gone abegging from door to door
Kripan : Āmi bhikshā kore phirtechhilem *Kheyā*
51. The night darkened. Our day's works had been done
Āgaman : Takhan rātri āndhār hala *Kheyā*
52. I thought I should ask of thee — but I dared not
Dān : Bhebechhilem cheye neba *Kheyā*
53. Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with stars
Sundara baṭe taba angadakhāni *Gitimālya*
54. I asked nothing from thee ; I uttered not
Kūār Dhāre : Tomār kāchhe chāini kichhu *Kheyā*
55. Languor is upon your heart
Ekhanō ghor bhānge nā tor ye *Gitimālya*
56. Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full
Tāi tomār ānanda āmār par *Gitānjali*
57. Light, my light, the world-filling light
Ālo, āmār ālo, ogo ālo bhuvanbharā *Achalāyatan*
58. Let all the strains of joy mingle in my last song
Yena śesh gneā mor sab rāgini pure *Gitānjali*
59. Yes, I know, this is nothing but thy love
Ei to tomār prem ogo hridayaharāna *Gitānjali*
60. On the seashore of endless worlds children meet
Jagatpārābārer tire chhelerā kare melā *Śīśu*
61. The sleep that flits on baby's eyes
Khokā : Khokār chokhe ye ghum āse *Śīśu*
62. When I bring to you coloured toys
Kena Madhūr : Rangin khelenā dile o rāngā hāte *Śīśu*

63. Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not
Kata ajānāre jānāile tumi *Gitānjali*
64. On the slope of the desolate river among tall grasses
Anābaśyak : Kāśer bane śunya nadir tire *Kheyā*
65. What divine drink wouldst thou have, my God
He mora devatā, bhariyā e deha prān *Gitānjali*
66. She who ever had remained in the depth
Jivane yā chiradin raye gechhe ābhāse *Gitānjali*
67. Thou art the sky and thou art the nest
Ekādhāre tumii ākās tumi niḍ *Naivedya*
68. Thy sunbeam comes upon this earth of mine
Taba rabikar āse kar bādāiyā *Gitimālya*
69. Thy same stream of life that runs through my veins
E āmār śarirer śirāy śirāy *Naivedya*
70. Is it beyond thee to be glad with the gladness
Pārbi nā ki yog dite ei chhande re *Gitānjali*
71. That I should make much of myself
Āmi āmāy karba baḍa *Gitimālya*
72. He it is, the innermost one
Ke go antaratara se *Gitimālya*
73. Deliverance is not for me in renunciation
Bairāgyasādhane mukti se āmār nay *Naivedya*
74. The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth
Ār nāi re belā nāmla chhāyā *Gitānjali*
75. Thy gifts to us mortals fulfill all our needs
Martabāsider tumi yā diyechha prabhu *Naivedya*
76. Day after day, O lord of my life, shall I stand
Pratidina āmi he jivanasvami *Naivedya*
77. I know thee as my God and stand apart
Devta jene dure rai dāndāye *Gitānjali*
78. When the creation was new all the stars shone
Hārāadhan : Bidhi yedin kshānta dilen *Kheyā*
79. If it is not my portion to meet thee
Yadi tomār dekhā nā pāi prabhu *Gitānjali*
80. I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn
Lilā : Āmi śaratsēsher meghe mata *Kheyā*
81. On many an idle day have I grieved
Mājhe mājhe katabār bhābi karmahin *Naivedya*

82. Time is endless in thy hands, my lord
He rājendra taba hāte kāl antahin *Naivedya*
83. Mother, I shall weave a chain of pearls
Tomār sonār thālāy sājāba āj *Gitānjali*
84. It is the pang of separation
Heri aharaha tomāri viraha *Gitānjali*
85. When the warriors came out first
Prabhugriha hate āsile yedin *Gitānjali*
86. Death, thy servant, is at my door
Pāthāile āji mrityur dut *Naivedya*
87. In desperate hope I go and search for her
Āmār gharete ār nāi se ye nāi *Smaran*
88. Deity of the ruined temple ! The broken strings
Bhagna Mandir : Bhāngā deuler devatā *Kalpanā*
89. No more noisy, loud words from me
Kolāhal to bāran hala *Gitimālya*
90. On the day when death will knock at thy door
Maran yedin diner śeshe āsbe tomār duāre *Gitānjali*
91. O thou the last fulfilment of life
Ogo āmār ei jivaner śesh paripurnatā *Gitānjali*
92. I know that the day will come when my sight
Durlabh Janma : Ekdin ei dekhā hōye yābe śesh *Chaitālī*
93. I have got my leave. Bid me farewell
Peyechhi chhuṭi bidāy deha bhāi *Gitimālya*
94. At this time of my parting, wish me good luck
Ebār torā āmār yābār belāte *Gitimālya*
95. I was not aware of the moment
Jibaner simhadvāre paśinu ye kshane and *Naivedya 89*
Mrityuo ajnāta mor¹ *Naivedya 90*
96. When I go from hence let this be my parting word
Yābār dine ei kathāṭi bale yena yāi *Gitānjali*
97. When my play was with thee I never questioned
Āmār khelā yakhan chhila tomār sane *Gitānjali*
98. I will deck thee with trophies
Hārmānā hār parāba tomār gale *Gitimālya*

1 Of this poem only the concluding portion ("Mrityur prabhāte ... stanāntare") has been used.

99. When I give up the helm
 Āmi hāl chhāḍle tabe *Gitimālya*
100. I dive down into the depth of the ocean
 Rupsāgare dub diyechhi *Gitānjali*
101. Ever in my life have I sought thee with my songs
 Gān diye ye tomāy khunji *Gitānjali*
102. I boasted among men that I had known you
 Tomāy chini bole āmi *Utsarga*
103. In one salutation to thee, my God
 Ekṭi namaskāre, prabhu, ekṭi namaskāre *Gitānjali*

2

GLIMPSES OF BENGAL LIFE / BEING SHORT STORIES FROM THE
 BENGALI OF / RABINDRANATH TAGORE / (WITH HIS PORTRAIT AND AN
 INTRODUCTION) / BY / RAJANI RANJAN SEN, B.A., B.L. / PLEADER, AND LAW
 LECTURER, CHITTAGONG / COLLEGE, AUTHOR OF "THE HOLY / CITY
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7½ × 5 ; pp. [6], viii, 240 : comprising half-title, verso blank, pp.
 [1-2] ; title, on verso, copyright notice, monogram, imprint "Printed
 by K. B. Bose, at the Minto Press, Chittagong", publisher's name and
 address ("Published by Messrs G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras"),
 Price notice ("Rs. 2/- Foreign 3/s"), name and address of the stockist
 at Chittagong ("M. R. Sen, Parade, Chittagong") pp. [3-4] ; contents
 p. [5], p. [6] blank ; all these 6 pages not included in pagination ;
 introduction, pp. i-vii, [p. viii] blank ; text, pp. [1]-240 ; frontispiece
 portrait of Rabindranath Tagore after a photograph, with his signature
 in Bengali reproduced in facsimile.

Contents

1. The Fruit-Seller (*Kābuliwālā*)
2. The School Closes (*Chhutī*)
3. A Resolve Accomplished (*Panrakshā*)
4. The Dumb Girl (*Subhā*)

6. The Wandering Guest (*Atithi*)
7. The Look Auspicious (*Subhadrishī*)
7. A Study in Anatomy (*Kamkāl*)
8. The Landing Stairway (*Ghāṭer Kathā*)
9. The Sentence (*Śāsti*)
10. The Expiation (*Prāyaścitta*)
11. The Golden Mirage (*Svarnamriga*)
12. The Trespass (*Anadhikār Prabes*)
- [13] The Hungry Stones (*Kṣudhita Pāshān*)

The introduction, dated June 1913, is by the translator.

Some of the translations "had been published before in the *Wednesday Review*, the *Hindusthan Review* and the *Modern World*".

Translations of many of these stories, by other hands, were later published in *Hungry Stones and Other Stories* (1916), *Māshi and Other Stories* (1918), and *Broken Ties and Other Stories* (1925).

The first twelve stories bear consecutive numbers, and the words THE END appear at the foot of p. 218, that is, at the end of the twelfth story. The last story, THE HUNGRY STONES, was left unnumbered and shown separately in the contents, apparently because its inclusion was not warranted by the title of the book.

Edward Thompson mentions the following two books in the bibliography in his *Rabindranath Tagore, Poet & Dramatist* (Oxford University Press, 1926) :

Glimpses of Bengali Life, 1913 (Short Stories translated by Rajani Ranjan Sen, Luzac & Co., London).

Glimpses of Bengal Life (Short Stories), 1913 (Madras).

These two entries seem to refer to the same book, described above. It is found from extracts from the Luzac's Oriental List and Book Review, January to December 1913, and a review appearing in *The Times Literary Supplement*, November 13, 1913 (both kindly supplied to us by Sri Chittaranjan Banerjee of the National Library, Calcutta) that the Luzac & Co. were acting as agents for this book to G. A. Natesan, Madras.

THE GARDENER / BY / RABINDRANATH TAGORE / TRANSLATED BY
THE AUTHOR FROM / THE ORIGINAL BENGALI / MACMILLAN AND
CO., LIMITED / ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON / 1913

7½×5½, pp. viii, 150, 2: comprising half-title, Macmillan's monogram and addresses on verso, pp. [i-ii]; title, notice of copyright on verso, pp. [iii-iv]; dedication "To W. B. Yeats", verso blank, pp. [v-vi]; preface by the author, verso blank, pp. [vii-viii]; text, pp. 1-146; index of first words, pp. 147-50; imprint "Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, Edinburgh" at foot of p. 150; list of works by Rabindranath Tagore, pp. 1-2, these two pages numbered at foot; frontispiece, Rabindranath Tagore, from the portrait by Gaganendranath Tagore after a drawing (1877) by Jyotirindranath Tagore.

Issued in blue cloth, lettered in gold on front cover and on spine.

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10. Let your work be, bride
Atithi : Oi śono go atithi bujhi āj *Kshanikā*
11. Come as you are ; do not loiter over your toilet
Chirāyamānā : Yeman āchha temni eso *Kshanikā*
12. If you would be busy and fill your pitcher, come
Hriday-Yamunā : Yadi bhariyā laibe kumbha *Sonār Tari*
13. I asked nothing, only stood at the edge of the wood
Piyāsi : Āmi to chāhini kichhu *Kalpanā*
14. I was walking by the road, I do not know why
Pathe : Gānyer pathe chalechhilem akārane *Kshanikā*
15. I run as a musk-deer runs in the shadow of the forest
Pāgal haiyā bane bane phiri *Utsarga*
16. Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes
Sojāsuji : Hridaypāne hriday tāne *Kshanikā*
17. The yellow bird sings in their tree
Ek Gānye : Āmrā dujan ekṭi gānye thāki *Kshanikā*
18. When the two sisters go to fetch water
Dui Bon : Duṭi bon tārā hese yāy *Kshanikā*
19. You walked by the riverside path
Kshanek Dekhā : Chalechhile pādār pathe *Kshanikā*
20. Day after day he comes and goes away
Sakarunā : Śakhi, pratidina hāy ese phire yāy ke *Kalpanā*
21. Why did he choose to come to my door
Sakhi, āmāri duyāre kena āsila *Gītavitān*
22. When she passed by me with quick steps
Anchaler Bātās : Pās diye gela chali *Kaḍi o Komal*
23. Why do you sit there and jingle your bracelets
Lilā : Kena bājāo kānkana kana kana *Kalpanā*
24. Do not keep to yourself the secret of your heart
Tomār gopana kathāṭi sakhi *Gītavitān*
25. Come to us, youth, tell us truly
Ogo, dekhi ānkhi tule chāo *Māyār Khelā*
26. What comes from your willing hands I take
Sakhi, sādḥ kore yāhā debe *Māyār Khelā*
27. Trust love even if it brings sorrow
Bhālobese dukh seo sukh *Māyār Khelā*
28. Your questioning eyes are sad
Durbodh : Tumi more pāra nā bujhite *Sonār Tari*

29. Speak to me, my love
Bhālo kore bole yāo : Ogo, bhālo kore bole yāo *Mānasi*
30. You are the evening cloud floating in the sky of my dreams
Mānaspratimā : Tumi sandhyār megh sānta sudur *Kalpanā*
31. My heart, the bird of the wilderness
Hriday-Ākāś : Āmi dharā diyechhi go *Kaḍi o Komal*
32. Tell me if this be all true, my lover
Pranayprasāna : Eki tabe sabi satya *Kalpanā*
33. I love you, beloved
Mārjanā : Ogo priyatama, āmi tomāre ye *Kalpanā*
34. Do not go, my love, without asking my leave
Nā bole yeyo nā chale *Prāyaschitta*
35. Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me
Tomāre pāchhe sahaje bujhi *Utsarga*
36. He whispered, "My love, raise your eyes"
Spardhā : Se āsi kahila, 'Priye mukh tule chāo' *Kalpanā*
37. Would you put your wreath of fresh flowers
Utsrisha : Mithye tumi gānthle mālā *Kshanikā*
38. My love, once upon a time your poet launched a great epic
Kshatipurān : Tomār tare sabāi more¹ *Kshanikā*
39. I try to weave a wreath all the morning
Apasū : Yatabār āj gānthnu mālā *Kshanikā*
40. An unbelieving smile flits on your eyes
Vidāyriti : Hāy go rāni, vidāyvāni *Kshanikā*
41. I long to speak the deepest words
Bhirutā : Gabhir sure gabhir kathā *Kshanikā*
42. O mad, superbly drunk
Mātāl : Ore mātāl, duyār bhenge diye *Kshanikā*
43. No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic
Pratijnā : Āmi habo nā tāpas, habo nā habo nā *Kshanikā*
44. Reverend sir, forgive this pair of sinners
Yugal : Thākur, taba pāye namonamah *Kshanikā*
45. To the guests that must go bid God's speed
Udbodhan : Śudhu akāran pulake² *Kshanikā*

1 Only the portion beginning at 'Āmi nābba mahākāvya'

2 Only the last two stanzas chiefly have been used ; for a translation of the first three stanzas, see *Lover's Gift*, poem 6.

46. You left me and went on your way
Anabasar : Chheḍe gele he chanchalā *Kshanikā*
47. If you would have it so, I will end my singing
Samkoch : Yadi bārana kara tabe gāhiba nā *Kalpanā*
48. Free me from the bonds of your sweetness, my love
Bandi : Dāo khule dāo sakhi *Kaḍi o Komal*
49. I hold her hands and press her to my breast
Hridayer Dhan : Kāchhe yāi, dhari hāt *Mānasi*
50. Love, my heart longs day and night
Purna Milan : Nisidin kāndi sakhi *Kaḍi o Komāl*
51. Then finish the last song and let us leave
Tabe śesh kore dāo śesh gān *Gītavitān*
52. Why did the lamp go out
Durākānkshā : Kena nibe gela bāti *Chitrā*
53. Why do you put me to shame with a look
Bhartsanā : Mithyā āmāy kena śaram dile *Kshanikā*
54. Where do you hurry with your basket
Akāle : Bhāngā hāte ke chhuṭechhis *Kshanikā*
55. It was mid-day when you went away
Biraha : Tumi yakhan chale gele *Kshanikā*
56. I was one among many women
Byakta Prem : Kena tabe keḍe nile *Mānasi*
57. I plucked your flower, O world
Sthāyi-Asthāyi : Tulechhilem kusum tomār *Kshanikā*
58. One morning in the flower garden a blind girl came
Nārīr Dān : Ekadā prāte kunjatale andha bālikā *Chitrā*
59. O woman, you are not merely the handiwork of God
Mānasi : Śudhu bidhātār śrishti naha tumi nārī *Chaitālī*
60. Amidst the rust and roar of life
Prastarmurti : He nirbāk achanchal *Chitrā*
61. Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet
Vidāy : Kshamā kara, dhairya dhara *Kalpanā*
62. In the dusky path of a dream I went to seek the love
Swapna : Dure bahudure swapnaloke *Kalpanā*
63. Traveller, must you go
Pathik : Pathik, ogo pathik, yābe tumi *Kheyā*
64. I spent my day on the scorching hot dust of the road
Dinaśesh : Bhāngā atithśālā *Kheyā*

65. Is that your call again
Aśesh : Ābār āhvān *Kalpanā*
66. A wandering madman was seeking the touch-stone
Paraśpāthar : Khepā khunje khunje phire paraśpāthar *Sonār Tari*
67. Though the evening comes with slow steps
Duḥsamay : Yadio sandhyā āsichhe manda manthare *Kalpanā*
68. None lives for ever, brother
Śesh : Thākba nā bhāi thākba nā keu *Kshanikā*
69. I hunt for the golden stag
Torā ye yā balis bhāi *Rājā*
70. I remember a day in my childhood
Kheḷā : Mane paḍe sei āshāḍhe *Kshanikā*
71. The day is not yet done, the fair is not over
Kritārtha : Ekhanō bhāngeni bhāngeni melā *Kshanikā*
72. With days of hard travail I raised a temple
Deul : Rachiyāchhinu deul ekkhāni *Sonār Tari*
73. Infinite wealth is not yours
Akshamā : Yekhāne esechhi āmi and *Sonār Tari*
Daridrā : Daridrā baliyā tore beśi bhālobāsi and *Sonār Tari*
Atmasamarpan : Tomār ānandagāne *Sonār Tari*
74. In the world's audience hall
Aisvarya : Khudra ei trinadal *Chaitālī*
75. At midnight the would-be ascetic announced
Bairāgya : Kahila gabhir rātre *Chaitālī*
76. The fair was on before the temple
Sukh-Duḥkha : Basechhe āj rather talāy *Kshanikā*
77. The workman and his wife from the west country
Didi : Naditire māṭi kāṭe sājāite pānjā and *Chaitālī*
Parichay : Ekdin dekhilām ulanga se chhele *Chaitālī*
78. It was in May
Punṅu : Chaitrer madhyānhabelā kāṭite nā chāhe *Chaitālī*
79. I often wonder where lie hidden
Dui Bandhu : Muḍha paśu bhāshāhin *Chaitālī*
80. With a glance of your eyes you could plunder
Yadi ichchhā kara tabe *Utsarga*
81. Why do you whisper so faintly in my ears
Ata chupi chupi kena kathā kao *Utsarga*
82. We are to play the game of death to-night
Jhulan : Āmi parāner sāthe khelibā ājike *Sonār Tari*

83. She dwelt on the hillside
 Āmāder ei pallikhāni *Utsarga*
84. Over the green and yellow rice-fields
 Āj dhāner khete raudrachhāyā *Gitanjali*
85. Who are you, reader, reading my poems
 1400 Sāl : Āji hate śatabarsha pare *Chitrā*

4

SĀDHANĀ / THE REALISATION OF LIFE / BY / RABINDRANATH
 TAGORE / AUTHOR OF 'GITANJALI' / MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED /
 ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON / 1913

8½×5½ ; pp. xii, 164, 2 : comprising half-title, Macmillan's monogram and addresses on verso, pp. [i-ii] ; title, notice of copyright on verso, pp. [iii-iv] ; dedication "To Ernest Rhys", verso blank, pp. [v-vi] ; author's preface, pp. vii-ix, p. [x] blank ; contents, verso blank, pp. xi- [xii] ; text, pp. [1]-164 : imprint "Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, Edinburgh," at foot of p. 164 ; list of works by Rabindranath Tagore, pp. 1-2, these two pages numbered at foot.

Issued in blue cloth, lettered in gold on front cover and spine.

Contents

1. The Relation of the Individual to the Universe
2. Soul Consciousness
3. The Problem of Evil
4. The Problem of Self
5. Realisation in Love
6. Realisation in Action
7. The Realisation of Beauty
8. The Realisation of the Infinite

Tagore writes in his preface :

"... these papers embody in a connected form ... ideas which have been culled from several of the Bengali discourses ... to my students in my

school at Bolpur ... and I have used here and there translations of passages from these done by my friends, Babu Satish Chandra Roy and Babu Ajit Kumar Chakravarty. The last paper of this series, "Realisation in Action," has been translated from my Bengali discourse on "Karma-yoga" by my nephew Babu Surendra Nath Tagore.... I read most of them before the Harvard University ..."

[To be continued]

As Secretary of the Literature and Linguistics Section of the Hungarian Academy of Science, István Sötér played a leading role at the 1962 Conference on 'Comparative Literature in Eastern Europe', which marked a breakaway from the rigidly dogmatic positions of the post-war years and the beginnings of a rapprochement with colleagues in the West. In the words of Dr. Sötér's inaugural address: '... let each of us get to know the results and learn to appreciate the work of others, acknowledging everywhere the good will which seeks to bring together different workers in the field of culture, even when they belong to different ideological camps.' In keeping with this new spirit of accommodation the Conference tended to recognize that an aesthetic as well as a sociological approach is necessary to the understanding of 'literary phenomena', or as Dr. Sötér put it in his closing speech: 'Literature does not depend on social causes alone, but among others on literary causes as well.'

On the occasion of the Conference, apart from publishing the proceedings and contributory papers, the Hungarian Academy of Science also brought out in 1964 a thick volume of essays on various aspects and authors of Hungarian literature, which was reviewed in No. 5 of this Journal. Unfortunately the leading theoretical article of this volume, by Tibor Klaniczay, consisted of an attack on the 'American' aesthetic approach and a reaffirmation of the historical determinist approach of Marxism. By and large the other studies followed the same line: Dr. Sötér himself for instance denied Dostoevsky any personal vision and saw him merely as a product of his age, yet at the Conference he had declared: 'Social factors collaborate with literary factors, with factors of general taste, with factors of personal inclination, etc.' Clearly it is very difficult to break through ingrained habits of thought, and we

may therefore expect only a very cautious passage from theoretical acknowledgement to practice. Two years later the Academy brought out the present further volume of essays on Hungarian literature, from which we may gain a fuller assessment of Dr. Sötér's views.

In spite of the Budapest resolution that 'Marxist literary science cannot do without the comparative method,' Dr. Sötér still finds it necessary to write in defence of this proposition. He must painstakingly demonstrate what one would have thought quite obvious, that the method enables us 'to grasp the most numerous and the most extended dialectical co-relations possible'. In other words that we will understand Romanticism better, and Hungarian Romanticism in particular, if we study it not merely in Hungary but also in England, France and Germany, or that we can hardly understand the Age of Enlightenment in Hungary if we ignore the influence of France. Presumably the dogma that Dr. Sötér is opposing would believe that the same literary phenomena arise spontaneously in any society which reaches the same stage of development. He must also combat the tendency to neglect the 'non-revolutionary' aspects of a period, or those who indulge in simple oppositions like realism vs. anti-realism. With such preoccupations it is hardly likely that Dr. Sötér will take up the problem of aesthetic worth. But there is another reason for this: the determinist approach is scientific, concerned not with the beautiful or the ugly but with 'phenomena' (the word comes repeatedly). Now aesthetic value is notoriously resistant to scientific analysis, so the aim of Marxist 'literary science' is not to define quality, but 'to elucidate the relations between phenomena'. As a result the aesthetic response to literature is replaced by the intellectual understanding of a vast scheme of interrelationships between categories: 'In general, I would put the accent on the complexity and not on the comparison.' For Dr. Sötér the ultimate aim of Comparative Literature is to establish a universal perspective, a vast 'synthesis', in which all the various national literatures would constitute a 'literature of humanity', in which all these varied 'phenomena' could be classified and related to universal causes. His aim is not the aesthete's joy of *experiencing* literature, but the analyst's joy of establishing what it is made up of, the archivist's joy of putting everything in its place.

Of course it may be convincingly argued that this strict objectivity is the scholar's true role, and the appreciation may be left to the common reader: 'bourgeois subjectivism' is hardly separable from purely literary criticism, as even an I. A. Richards must finally concede. But this is to

thrust aside the central and most fascinating problem of any discussion of literature ; the problem of literary worth. Consequently value is either taken for granted (consensus), or related to political exigencies (progressive=good, reactionary=bad), or more generally to positive moral attitudes (e.g. Miklós Radnóti is a 'great poet' because he 'saves' the man in himself', i.e. refuses despair). The changing formal criteria of beauty and their part in determining literary evolution—the search for new means of expression—the 'dialectics' of form and content—all this is barely touched upon. The pledge to seek literary as well as social causes is not in fact taken up, for it is never made clear what these purely literary factors might be and in what way they are not also determined by the historical and social factors upon which all the emphasis is laid. Nevertheless their presence is acknowledged from time to time, as also the independent force of creative genius : 'These creators go beyond the literary schools, the class opinions, the ready-made channels of the age, as offered by their position, circumstances, traditions and culture' (e.g. Madách, Petöfi).

One consequence of this belief that literature can be dealt with in objective terms and that value can be taken for granted, is that Sötér finds very little need to quote, even though his book is intended for readers who may never be able to read the originals. Thus we have an entire essay on the modern poet Miklós Radnóti without a single extract from his work, or any attempt to describe his style : the essay is almost wholly taken up with presenting the poet's attitudes to life — the brief references to the influence of Apollinaire, or a 'classical purity of form' which 'brings out the Kafkean absurdity of the concentration camp', are tantalizingly vague. Dr. Sötér uses terms like 'classicism' or 'expressionism' as though they communicated something far more definite than they do—or, rather, they communicate what to him appears sufficient, since he is more concerned with the type than the individual expression. He also relies heavily on phrases like 'melancholy lyricism', 'suppleness full of bravery', 'angelic purity', 'violent and destructive passion'... He devotes an entire chapter to modern Hungarian poetry without a single quotation : it is all done via themes, attitudes, types, and impressionistic description : 'His work is the poetry of extremes which knows neither measure nor discipline, only the blind falls and deserts of passion. In his violence Ady possesses the naivety of a child and the covetousness of a looter.' This is vivid enough, but cannot substitute for the poetry : even prose extracts would have brought us nearer. Of course it may rightly be

objected that to quote a poem in translation betrays the original, but this is no less satisfactory, surely, than Dr. Sötér's own method of 'analogies' and 'parallels' (analogy : e.g. by one's experience of Bartók's music one may imaginatively experience the Hungarian literary equivalent ; parallel : e.g. 'The bitterness and appeasement, the frustration and stoical-Christian serenity of Robak remind us of the death of Don Quixote').

I am not suggesting that such procedures are of no use : on the contrary, it is the specific function of literary history to classify and produce order in this way, to relate to background and establish perspective, but there must be a constant return to the works themselves, for fear that the type replace the individual quality. Dr. Sötér sets far too much store by words like 'romantic' and 'realist', 'revolutionary' content, 'popular' content, 'lyric', 'idyllic', 'epic', 'dramatic' and so forth, as though there were not as many varieties of these as there are *original* authors. He is too preoccupied with genre and typology : is *Pan Tadeusz* a national epic or a chronicle of the daily life of the Lithuanian nobility ? a novel in verse under the influence of Scott, or a 'precursor of the great souvenir-novels of world literature with echoes of the *mal du pays* ? — epic certainly, but realistic rather than marvellous, and then at the same time lyrical, also idyllic ! Revolutionary, yes, but non-combative. Finally Dr. Sötér manages to prove that *Pan Tadeusz* is in fact a national epic, and in spite of its nostalgia looks forward to the future.

Yet the debate can have little meaning for those who cannot read the original work. Other controversies are raised in other essays, as for instance whether Madách's *Tragedy of Man* is optimistic or pessimistic, or whether Madách despises the masses and therefore betrays history. In his Preface Dr. Sötér lays stress on his desire to recapitulate the 'problems' of Hungarian literature for foreign readers, but in that case he should have presented the views of his opponents more fully, whereas his failure to quote the key passages suggests an excessive faith in the validity of logical argument alone to solve literary controversies. So much depends on the final declamation of the Lord in *The Tragedy of Man* that this should have been reproduced in full : in fact we are only given an interpretation of it, with no guarantee except our faith in the argument that this is the correct interpretation. The chapter on 'Parallelisms between Hungarian and Polish Romanticism' entirely rests on the comparison of types, with very little description of contents, no quotations, and no attempt to differentiate quality. We are placed rather in the position of those students who take critical opinions for

statements of fact, and look upon reading the texts as a chore their teachers may do for them.

But István Sötér is neither so rigid nor so abstract as my reservations would suggest. His sympathies are wide-ranging, and his book full of useful information. The most extended presentation is that of Imre Madách's *Tragedy of Man*, which Sötér places in 'what one might call the family of *Faust*, that is to say in the category of works which set out to depict the destiny of a nation, or humanity as a whole.' The first two essays are concerned with delineating this category, establishing its Romantic heritage, and considering the circumstances which gave rise to it. The next two deal with two works of the 20th century which Dr. Sötér places in the same category: Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* and Albert Camus's *The Fall*. The treatment of these three works is relatively free and full of interesting ideas. Madách's Eve for instance represents Nature which saves Man from abstraction: 'Weakness, which prevents human virtue from rising to perfection, often serves as a shield against the blind and destructive exactions of speculative virtue. Man is often saved by his nature—or, more exactly, by Nature—from the abstract and therefore harmful extensions of his ideas, which would end by turning against life itself.' Thomas Mann's irony is 'the only weapon of the writer against the devil'—'demons are always simple (that is the secret of their strength), whereas man is always complex (that is the guarantee of his redemption).' It is good that in dealing with Camus's *Fall*, Dr. Sötér makes no glib attempt to interpret this solely as a consequence of living under capitalism, but on the contrary seems to deplore that in modern life 'the tragedies of individual existences become impersonal': Camus's novel 'illuminates the anonymity of the condition of modern man'. He draws an apt contrast between Kafka's elusive and Camus's lucidly analytical presentation of guilt, but I cannot agree with him that Kafka is any less concerned with egoism.

In all three studies the work in question is finally judged according to whether it offers hope to humanity—hence the concern to prove that Madách's *Tragedy of Man* is not so pessimistic as it seems, or the emphasis on the 'pale gleam of hope' in Leverkühn's *Faustus Cantata*. Leaving aside the question whether a work of art necessarily bears messages of any kind at all, this search for positive content obviously forestalls appreciation of an author like Kafka or a novel like *The Fall*. It also leads to misinterpretation: preoccupied with the type, Dr. Sötér fails to see that whereas Kafka's K. is defeated and humiliated, Camus's

hero claims to have found a way of happiness even in his fall. All his life he has sought to dominate, rooting his superiority first in virtue then in guilt ; now he is as successful as the Ancient Mariner in holding his fellow-men spellbound, and even compelling them to return : 'You'll find me unchanged. And why should I change, since I have found the happiness that suits me ?' Sardonic, yes, but surely undefeated ! Dr. Sötér also overlooks the possibility of a satirical element in this study of elegant self-castigation, or of a not entirely approving comment on the Christian tradition.

The essays are a mixed bag—presumably routine work translated—and include the influence of Herzen on his Hungarian contemporaries, a study of the Prince de Ligne, 'Problems of Assimilation in Hungarian Literature of the 19th Century', a potted survey of Hungarian Literature in twenty pages, and a shorter survey of the long short story (*nouvelle*) in Hungary. A special preoccupation of Dr. Sötér is with the way the assimilation of an influence transforms it : 'The result is independent of the originator of the influence—even sometimes contrary to his thought and intentions' (e.g. Shakespeare in France, Symbolism in Russia). The study of influences therefore must never be mere documentation, but also interpretation, as the chapter on 'Pushkin's *Onegin* and the Hungarian Novel' effectively demonstrates. Constantly Dr. Sötér lays stress on the complexity of these processes, and their often paradoxical results ('... the influence of Byron contributed, in Hungarian literature, to the expression of a certain plebeian way of seeing things' ; Eugene *Onegin* 'became in Hungary the personification of romantic anxiety, consuming nostalgia, and the desire to escape'). As part of his plea for the comparative method, Dr. Sötér desires its extension to embrace all the arts : 'There are literary phenomena which are not comprehensible in themselves, and only become manifest if we confront them with parallel artistic phenomena.' For instance, the essence of the style we call *fin de siècle* is to be distilled from such divergent sources as the music of Richard Strauss, the plays of Oscar Wilde, the painting of Gauguin, and the architecture of Budapest. A final chapter examines analogous 'phenomena' in literary and musical populism in Hungary.

To a reader in Bengal or anywhere in India another problem appears of particular interest : the relation of a small country and its literature, read by nobody outside that country, to the dominant surrounding countries with their more advanced international literatures. The impact of France and Germany, and later Russia, on Hungary was

not unlike that of the West on India — and for long Hungary was under the political domination of the Austrian monarchy. Dr. Sötér constantly stresses the intensely national character of Hungarian literature — which distinguishes Madách's *Tragedy of Man*, for instance, from all other European works in that genre. This preoccupation with national identity, the refusal to be mere imitators, colours all the influences which Dr. Sötér discusses, and accounts (as in Germany too of the 18th century) for the importance of the discovery of folk literature and music — a far greater formative influence than in England or France for instance. It led a Hungarian critic, Pál Gyulai, in 1866, to interpret the tragedy of Eugene Onegin as 'the antagonism existing in Russia between the influence of Western civilization and the national, oriental heritage,' and to draw a parallel between Hungarian and Russian literature in this respect. In our own day it is surely one of the factors which makes academics like Dr. Sötér such keen advocates of comparative literature, for this is one way of getting Hungarian literature into the mainstream of European scholarly attention. These essays suggest many untapped riches. But we need to be introduced to more than just a discussion of its problems: the immediate need is for translations together with discussion. We are told that Madách's *Tragedy of Man* is shortly to appear in French translation, but how the present book would have been enriched by the inclusion of at least one episode reproduced whole! Or a section from Arany's *Toldi*. So too a small anthology of poems by the modern poets discussed would have brought to life descriptions otherwise merely suggestive, and analogies perhaps misleading. Nevertheless, as examples of contemporary academic work in Hungary, these studies have an intrinsic interest of their own apart from the information they convey, and it is to be hoped that more such collections follow in English or French translation from countries whose languages are not widely known.

Brief Notice

LITTERATURE ET REALITE publié par Béla Köpeczi et Péter Juhász (Akadémiai Kiadó, Budapest, 1966, pp. 315, \$8)

This collection of essays provides further evidence of the lively controversy precipitated in Hungary by post-Stalin ideological relaxation. Even

the editor, Béla Köpeczi, who argues the case for 'the modernity of socialist realism', concedes that it would be foolish to deny the literary talent of Kafka, although there can be 'no doubt that *The Forsythe Saga*, *Les Thibault* or *Doktor Faustus* offer a more complete picture of contemporary reality than the works of Joyce, Kafka or Musil, and that their artistic level is in no way inferior to these so-called modern writers.' The book is divided into two sections: eight essays on 'The Debate between Realism and Socialist Realism', and a further fourteen on 'Works and Tendencies'. Although the general superiority of socialist optimism over bourgeois despair is repeatedly affirmed, it seems to be generally agreed that stylistic freedom and creative individualism are allowable to the socialist writer, and in the second section writers like Babel, Camus and Hemingway receive sympathetic appraisal. Even Kafka, though often regarded as specifically symptomatic of petty bourgeois alienation, is treated with insight, although Tibor Déry (still alive) is roundly condemned for 'total hopelessness and denial of the practical possibility of socialism.'

There is much concern with categories, e.g. what constitutes modernity, whether Thomas Mann is a 19th or 20th century writer, parody as a form of realism, Goethean as opposed to Flaubertian objectivity, and above all what is the 'true' representation of reality. This may descend into tub-thumping: 'It is time to declare: we do not want life without character, nor art without character, without features; what we want is a realist art, with well determined contours, with a thousand faces ...' (by which István Hermann apparently means an art of the 'militant' workers, as opposed to the 'faceless' bourgeoisie). All those interested in the Marxian aesthetic and its present dilemmas will read this book with interest, although for many its moral assumptions will sound a little Victorian: 'Literature, the entire work of a writer, must become criticism of life; the more such criticism is profound and true, the greater will be the benefit we derive from it'—István Sötér (who believes that literature must preserve 'all that history has been able to create that is pure and happy, encouraging and wise, exemplary and human').

Contents: György Lukács: 'La particularité du fait esthétique'; István Sötér: 'Styles et Tâches'; János Barta: 'Ausdrückende Funktion und ausdrückender Stil'; Béla Köpeczi: 'La modernité du réalisme socialiste'; József Szigeti: 'Der sozialistische Realismus'; László Illés: 'Die Freiheit

der künstlerischen Richtungen und das Zeitgemässe'; István Hermann : 'Actualité du réalisme—Réalisme à mille visages'; Pál Miklós : 'Réalisme—réalisme socialiste—valeur artistique'; Ferenc Töklei : 'Fantastique et réalité dans la nouvelle chinoise classique'; Péter Juhász : 'Die fortschrittliche Rolle der romantischen Illusionen in der südslawischen Literatur'; Péter Egri : 'Die Keime der modernen bürgerlich-realistischen Darstellung in Tolstois Roman *Anna Karenina*'; Mihály Cziné : 'Naturalismus in Osteuropa'; László Dobossy : 'Satirische Darstellung der Wirklichkeit in Jaroslav Haseks *Schwejk*'; György Mihály Vajda : 'Thomas Mann und das Erbe des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts'; Miklós Almási : 'Diskussion in Kafkas *Schloss*'; Mátyás Horányi : 'Das Problem der poetischen Authentizität in der Machado-Kritik'; Endre Török : 'Un écrivain dans l'histoire : Isaac Babel'; Miklós Szabolcsi : 'Attila József und die Weltliteratur'; György Bodnár : 'Hemingway and the New Realism'; Vilma B. Mészáros : 'Crime et châtiment dans l'oeuvre de Camus'; Pál Pándi : 'Roman einer Krise, Krise eines Schriftstellers : Tibor Déry'; András Diószegi : 'La Vision du roman contemporain'; Tamás Ungvári : 'Auf der Suche nach der versunkenen Tragödie'.

David McCutcheon

The fifth congress of the ICLA (International Comparative Literature Association) was held last summer (30 August - 5 September 1967) at Belgrade. The themes discussed were (i) literary movements as international phenomena, (ii) spoken literature and written literature, and (iii) Slavonic literatures as interpreted in other literatures. The congress, from Professor Saburo Ota's (Tokyo) report when he passed through Calcutta last October, was a great success. It is unfortunate that Jadavpur could not send any delegation to it ; we hope Jadavpur will to the next congress which is due in 1970 and the venue for which has been chosen Bordeaux.

The ICLA is considering a proposal to prepare in international collaboration *A Comparative History of Literatures in European Languages*. It will not be a mere juxtaposition of national literary histories, nor will it be simply a history of European literature as one overlooking the national literary characteristics ; it will be truly comparative—that is, it will respect the particular and have at the same time a general point of view. The coordinates of comparison will be literary movements and trends which will not only bring together national literatures and thus discover in full their relationships but will also help understand them properly through a relative perspective. The scope of this proposed History is the widest possible, for it will not be confined to the geographical Europe but will include literatures written in European languages outside Europe as well. In addition, it will explore the relations of literatures in European and non-European languages.

This project obviously will take a long time, but when completed it will furnish one of the most important tools of comparative literary scholarship. Someday, we hope another such project will be under-

- This last part was differently called in the earlier version. Translators have decided to stop at the end of Part II for the following reason. The novel, we are told, is about Apu, his sister, his parents, his ancestral home in Nischindipur, as well as about trees, frogs, and every other detail of the village topography as seen through the eyes of a pair of lovely children. The narrative, having a circular structure, is "integrated about the children in their village." The translators, therefore, considered it wise not to follow Apu beyond the limits of the village, particularly because neither Indir or Mr. Durga—both being already dead—could accompany him to the city where he goes in the last section of the original novel! They remind us that Satyajit Ray did the same, but forget that the craft of the novel and the craft of the film may legitimately differ. But then, they say, this was it abridged also for school children. The argument is

sophisticated this poor village boy who could not afford
to go to school. The names are scattered through the
story.

ia-Sara which, though it has been translated (p. 189) *logy of Ancient Philosophical Works*, is an erudite and occult lore:

Chandi-Mahatmya (Glory of Chandi):

a's *Annadamangal*, an eighteenth century Bengali

Panchali, a collection of old Bengali verses:

biographical sketches by Vidyasagar;

rya, nineteenth century heroic verse-epistles by

ausudan Datta, on the model of Ovid's *Heroides*;

ot whether or not there is here an over-
 : basic question is whether the play has a plot. 137
 no dramatic action can be externalized. To
 is central, for plot is "the arrangement of the
 ch a motivation is born and brought to comple-
 negatively). Naturally, emotion alone cannot
 has to be outward action for it. Now, although
 is not crowded with outward action as is a Shakes-
The Signet Ring of Raksasas or *The Little Clay*
 it yet has the necessary amount. The emotion in
 as would have been the case if Rāma had come on
 pretexts and had merely poured out his sorrow and
 of Sītā; the emotion in it is organically related to the
 and that is what emotion has to be in a plot. Thus,
 er-abundance of emotion, *Rama's Later History* has
 t, the one that successfully carries the play's underlying
 s completion and thereby makes the play an imitation

ie Sanskrit Drama in its Origin, Development, Theory and Practice, (London,
 p. 355.

All five are present only in a fully worked-out play, a *nāṭaka* or *prakarana*, for
 le. The same is also true of the other divisions of plot.

Nāṭyaśāstra, trans. Manomohan Ghosh (Calcutta, 1951), XXI, 9.

Ibid., XXI, 10.

Ibid., XXI, 11.

Ibid., XXI, 12.

Op. cit., pp. 297-298.

Nāṭyaśāstra, XXI, 13.

See ibid., XXI, 17.

Perhaps attitude can be said to be the minimal requirement for drama, for, as
 Burke holds in his theory of motivation, attitude is incipient action.

- Part I : *Ballali Balai* (The Dregs of the Ballal Era)
6 chapters, 37 pages
Part II : *Am Añtir Bheñpu* (Whistles from Mango Stones)
22 chapters, 245 pages and
Part III: *Akrur Sambad* (The Akrur Episode)
6 chapters, 68 pages

This last part was differently called in the earlier version. Translators have decided to stop at the end of Part II for the following reasons. The novel, we are told, is about Apu, his sister, his parents, his dilapidated home in Nischindipur, as well as about trees, frogs and every other detail of the village topography as seen through the eyes of a pair of lovely children. The narrative, having a simple structure, is "integrated about the children in their village surroundings, therefore, considered it wise not to follow Apu beyond the limits of the village, particularly, because neither Indir Thakur nor Durga—both being already dead—could accompany him to the end of the novel in the last section of the original novel! They remind us that Satyajit Ray did the same, but forget that the craft of the novel and the craft of the film may legitimately differ. But then, they say, this was it abridged also for school children. The argument is that the author's "naive"

... manner secretly leaves a ...
... rupees—towards a subscription to Apu's ...
... verses from his son's pen could get ...
... ed, to ...
... of this poor village boy who could not afford ...
... school. The names are scattered through the ...
... hali

Mahabharata from which the tragic tale of Karna ...
... greatly;

at Sata which, though it has been translated (p. 189) ...
... of *Ancient Philosophical Works*, is an erudite ...
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it,

and Mahatma (Glory of Chandi);

at's Annadamangal, an eighteenth century Bengali

Panchali, a collection of old Bengali verses;

ographical sketches by Vidyasagar;

via, nineteenth century heroic verse-epistles by ...
... Datta, on the model of Ovid's *Heroides*;

...king of passion and action in Shakespeare's,

	Situation	Passion	
I, ii	Hermione and Polixenes' friendship (demanded by Leontes)	Leontes' jealousy incipient when the scene opens, takes form in the course of it	
II, i	Aftermath to the departure of Polixenes and Camillo	Reason being for suspicion confirmed, Leontes rages	Imp. char. Polixenes compl. and C. public soon, gen. (a) Court to make of Hen. cence;
II, iii	Paulina with the newborn baby	More rage	(b) Pa acti. (a) Leontina, (b) banishes (Antigonus it to a foreign and leave it th
III, ii	(a) Apollo's oracle (b) News of Marnilius' death (c) News of Hermione's "death"	(b) Wit min and (c) Mor rem	(a) Disregards the (b) Begs pardon f misdeeds (c) Resolves to liv of penitence.

There are, of course, some plays where outward action is to a minimum. *Rama's Later History* is often held to be such

VI

Some important recent translations in English:

Odi et Amo: The Complete Poetry of Catullus, tr. Roy Arthur Swanson. New York, 1959. \$1.00

Horace's Satires and Epistles, tr. Palmer Bovie. University of Chicago Press, 1959. \$1.95

The Odes and Epodes of Horace, tr. Joseph P. Clancy. University of Chicago Press, 1960. \$1.95

The Satires of Juvenal, tr. Rolfe Humphries. Indiana University Press, 1958. \$1.50

Ovid's *The Metamorphoses*, tr. Horace Gregory. New American Library of World Literature. New York, 1960. \$0.75

The Satyricon of Petronius, tr. William Arrowsmith. Mentor Books, New York, 1960. \$0.50

Stendhal's *Rome, Naples, and Florence*, tr. Richard N. Coe. George Braziller, New York. \$7.50

Luigi Pirandello: "*Plays*", tr. Frederick May and Robert Rietty. Penguin Books, 1959. \$0.95

Nibelungenlied, tr. Frank G. Ryder. Wayne State, 1962. \$8.50

The Life of Lazarillo de Tormes, tr. W. S. Merwin. Doubleday, Anchor, 1962. \$0.95

Goethe's *Faust*, tr. and introd. Walter Kaufmann, with the original German, Part One and selections from Part Two. Doubleday, 1962. \$1.45

Grillparzer's *King Ottocar, His Rise and Fall*, tr. Arthur Burkhard. Register, Yarmouth Port, Mass., 1962.

.....*Hero and Leander*, tr. the same.

Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, tr. L. W. Tancock. Penguin, 1962. \$0.95.

In the Interlude; Poems 1945-1960, Pasternak, tr. Henry Kamen. Oxford, London, 1962. \$7.00 and \$1.50

from Augustine to Dante,' (b) 'European Literature of the Renaissance,' (c) 'European Literature of the 18th Century,' (d) 'Western European Literature of the 19th and 20th Century,' (e) 'European Drama since Ibsen,' and (f) 'The Divine Comedy and its Influence on Western Literature.' Number of degrees granted is 6 B.A.

Vanderbilt University: The programme in Comparative Literature had, in 1959-60, 12 students, all working toward the Ph.D. The fields of concentration include English, French, Spanish, German, Greek, Latin, and Russian. Number of degrees granted is 2 Ph.D.

IV

On Record

(Henry H. H. Remak, Indiana University, in *Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature*, vol. IX).

"Werner P. Friederich is quite right in reminding us that our principal 'enemy' is not the comparative scholar who has preferences differing from our own, but the benighted colleague who teaches literature solely in the image of his departmental shingle, of provincialism or nationalism."

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"No scholarly discipline has enjoyed as uninterrupted a tradition of doubts about its right to exist, expressed by its own adepts, as Comparative Literature."

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"Most observers, while admitting the inadequacy of the term 'Comparative Literature', feel that it has established itself so well that it is too late to change it."

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"The *enfant terrible* of French comparatism, René Etiemble, successor of Jean-Marie Carré [as Head of the Department of Comparative Literature] at the Sorbonne, had boldly chided his French brethren for their provincialism. Without wishing to abandon historically oriented studies, he has come out not only in favour of aesthetics and of the usefulness of literary analogies but has also joined the American cry for sharply increased attention to oriental literatures (where comparative studies

Class A Comparative Study of William Butler Yeats and Paul
by Elsie W. Wiedner; and "Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism
Dickens, Gogol)" by Donald L. Fitzgerald. The number of degrees
3 M.A. and 18 Ph.D.

University : Horst Frenz who is the Chairman of the depart-
also the editor of the *Yearbook of Comparative and General*
Courses offered at Indiana have included: (a) 'Oriental-
Literary Relations,' (b) 'Medieval Literature,' and (c) 'The
of Classical Epic.' The following Ph.D. theses, among others,
completed at Indiana: (a) "The Dialectic of Tragedy: Heroic
in Shakespeare, Sophocles, and Corneille" by Leonard Moss;
uch 'Translations of Goethe's *Faust* II" by Harry L. Stout;
lo and Keats: A Comparative Study of Two Poets" by David
d "Theories of Comedy: An Attempt at Synthesis" by Frances
A recent M.A. dissertation is called "Sanskrit Dramatic Theory
akespeare's Othello" by David Grier. Number of degrees granted:
18 M.A., and 12 Ph.D.

University of Iowa : A few of the courses offered at this Uni-
er: (a) 'European Literature: St. Augustine to Dante,' (b) 'From
ism to Symbolism,' and (c) 'Recent European Literature in
on (Dostoevsky, Mann, Gide, Kafka, Baudelaire, Rimbaud,
s, Valéry, George, Rilke, and others)'. Number of degrees
a 2 M.A.

an State University : The Department of Comparative Litera-
offered courses in (a) 'The Rationale and Technique in Com-
Literature' (b) 'The Methodology and Problems of Compara-
ature' (c) 'Classical-Christian Contributions to the Western
'Tradition,' (d) 'English and American Contributions to the
Literary Tradition,' (e) 'Studies in Theme and Idea,'
es in Form and Genre,' and (g) 'Studies in Influence.' Num-
grees granted is 1 M.A.

ality of Minnesota : Some of the approved courses in Compara-
ature at this University are: (a) 'Classical Literary Tradition,'
Modern Drama,' (c) 'Form and Idea in Dramatic Litera-
e 'Epic Poetry of the Middle Ages,' and (e) 'Romances and
the Middle Ages.' A recent Ph.D. dissertation is on "Dramatic
it of the Tristan and Isolde Tale" by Edward R. Savage.

College, Flushing : There is only an undergraduate pro-
here, and courses include those on (a) 'European Literature

by way of parallels and contrasts are especially promising, and in which Etienne happens to be unusually proficient). In the discussions at the Chapel Hill Congress [of the International Comparative Literature Association], Escarpit and Frappier has indicated, if not total agreement, at least open-minded interest in Etienne's heresies. . . . Etienne . . . suggests that through a comparison of parallelisms of thought and form in universal literature (e.g. Oriental-Western) one might discover literary invariables, types or archetypes shared by all humanity."

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"A good translation is a significant interpretation of a work of art, perhaps the most direct and clear-cut one. Goethe declared that he had not grasped certain implications of his *Faust* until he had read it in French translation, and a substantial dissertation [Godfrey Ehrlich, "Französische Übersetzungen als Kommentare für erklärungsbedürftige Stellen in Goethes Faust," University of Wisconsin, 1932] has been written on the French translations of difficult parts of *Faust* in order to elucidate the meaning of the German original."

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A select bibliography of writings on Comparative Literature:

- René Etiemble, "Littérature comparée, ou comparaison n'est pas raison," *Savoir et Goût*, vol. III of *Hygiène des Lettres*, 1958, pp. 154-173.
- Werner P. Friederich and David H. Malone, *Outline of Comparative Literature from Dante to O'Neill*. University of North Carolina, 1954.
- Walter Höllerer, "La Littérature Comparée en Allemagne depuis la guerre," *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, XXVII (1953), 27-42.
- Henri Peyre, "Seventy-five Years of Comparative Literature. A backward and forward glance," *Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature*, VIII (1959), 18-26.
- Franco Simone, "B. Croce et la littérature comparée en Italie," *Revue de Littérature Comparée*, XXVII (1953), 5-16.
- Gleb Struve, "Comparative Literature in the Soviet Union, Today and Yesterday," *Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature*, IV (1955), 1-20.
- René Wellek, "The Concept of Comparative Literature," *Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature*, II (1953), 1-5.